

# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



'La Clownesse Assise', by Toulouse-Lautrec: from the exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries (see page 306)

In this number:

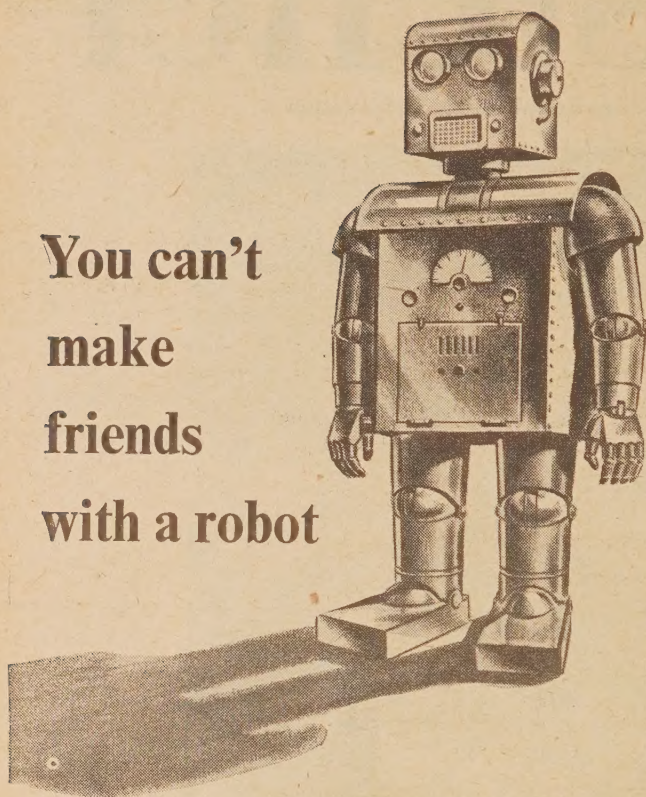
'Tension in the Balkans' (Francis Noel-Baker)

'A Fire, A Flood, and the Price of Meat' (Henry Green)

'Architecture in a Scientific Age' (Walter Gropius)



You can't  
make  
friends  
with a robot



SCIENTISTS have invented highly ingenious *Mechanical men* which can work out sums, cross a floor without bumping into furniture and answer questions almost as knowledgeably as Professor Brogan. Nevertheless, most of us would rather have real human beings as companions in our daily lives.

It's rather the same with wood. Wood has a *feel* and a character all its own. No matter how it is sawn, carved & planed, it remains somehow *alive*. You can *make friends* with it.

Naturally, architects, specify wood for its traditional purposes wherever they can. The difficulty, these days, is in knowing what timbers are available and in what quantity. A card to the Timber Development Association will bring you details of many excellent woods which have recently come into the market.

There's nothing like **WOOD**

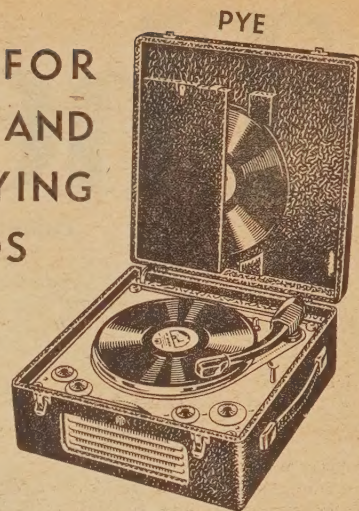
ISSUED BY THE TIMBER DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION  
21, College Hill, London, E.C.4, and Branches throughout the country.

## 3-SPEED FOR STANDARD AND LONG-PLAYING RECORDS

for only

**30** GNS.  
TAX PAID

a complete



## RADIOGRAM

This wonderful achievement in portable design with the special features and superb performance of a full-sized instrument is being sold and recommended by

**KEITH PROWSE & CO. LTD.**

159, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Tel. REG. 6000 (20 lines)

68, Cornhill, London, E.C.3.

TEL. MANSion House 7250

5/6, Coventry Street, London, W.1.

TEL. GERrard 2806

50, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.

TEL. MANSion House 6442

47, Kensington High Street, London, W.8.

TEL. WESTern 3144



Featuring

*Featherweight Listening*

Philips latest radiogram, Model 603A, has many important new features. Note especially:

- NEW Philips "featherweight" pick-up—So light it gives minimum record pressure which means better reproduction and less record wear.
- NEW Philips triple-speed record changer—suitable for the new long-playing (33.1/3 and 45 r.p.m.) or the normal (78 r.p.m.) records.
- NEW Philips sapphire needle—plays thousands of records without having to be changed.
- NEW Philips 5-valve superhet radio receiver—gives superb reception on all wave-lengths.

This radiogram masterpiece is housed in a finely polished wood cabinet which measures 31 1/2" high x 27 1/2" wide x 15" deep.

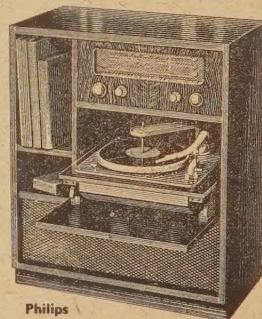


**PHILIPS**

*The Dependable Radio*

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL LTD., CENTURY HOUSE,  
SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2.

See this superb radiogram for yourself at the Radio Show, Earls Court, Stands 83 and 90.



Philips  
Radiogram Model 603A  
75 gns. (Tax Paid)



# The Listener

Vol. XLVI. No. 1173

Thursday August 23 1951

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER

## CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:	NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK	300
Tension in the Balkans (Francis Noel-Baker) ...	RELIGION:	
Egypt—On and Below the Surface (Lord Kinross) ...	Science and the Christian Man—VI. The Doctrine of the Holy Spirit (Canon C. E. Raven) ...	302
Soviet Diplomacy (Max Beloff) ...	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
Choosing Children for Secondary Schools (R. N. Armfelt) ...	From R. F. Harrod, Christopher Serpell, M. C. Williams-Freeman, David W. Pye, Claude Sisley, Charles and Peter Gimpel, Michael Rothenstein, H. Warner Allen, S. Diana Neill, Edmund Penning-Rowse ...	307
THE LISTENER:	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
Behind the Scenes ...	Television (Reginald Pound) ...	314
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	Broadcast Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	315
DID YOU HEAR THAT? (microphone miscellany) ...	The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	315
LITERATURE:	Broadcast Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	315
A Fire, A Flood, and the Price of Meat (Henry Green) ...	MUSIC:	
The Sherlock Holmes Exhibition (S. C. Roberts) ...	The World of Frank Martin (Edward Lockspeiser) ...	316
The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	319
POEM:	CROSSWORD NO. 1,112 ...	319
On a Photograph of Toulouse-Lautrec (Sir Charles Jeffries) ...		
Expectation (Robert Hunter) ...		
ART:		
Contemporary Sculpture (A. D. B. Sylvester) ...		
Architecture in a Scientific Age (Walter Gropius) ...		
Round the London Galleries (Eric Newton) ...		

## Tension in the Balkans

By FRANCIS NOEL-BAKER

ONE afternoon, just about three weeks ago, I was standing on the shore of Lake Prespa, talking to a Greek fisherman. We were looking out across the clear, blue water, and he was trying to show me the point, somewhere near the middle, where three frontiers meet: Greek, Albanian and Yugoslav. There was nothing there to mark the spot, except (as it happened just at that moment) a group of pelicans paddling their way slowly across the lake. And there was certainly nothing in the atmosphere of that drowsy, sunny, summer afternoon to suggest that I was standing in what many people believe to be potentially one of the most dangerous places in the world. And then my Greek fisherman friend suddenly brought me back to Balkan realities. 'Did you notice', he asked, 'that one-third of the houses in my village are deserted? The rest of us only came back last year, after the communist guerrillas left. But, from all these villages round here, there are a lot of people who won't come back. They say it's too near the frontier. And in the last eleven years, we've learnt that frontiers in this part of the world are bad places to live near'.

It is not only in fishing villages on Lake Prespa, that Balkan frontiers have a sinister reputation. As people these days often remind us, the first world war started in the Balkans, and since the second ended there has been continuous tension, on one or other of the frontiers of this area. It still continues. In Athens and Belgrade, Sofia and Tirana, the newspapers and radio stations, almost every day, carry stories of frontier incidents, provocations and violations of the national territory, by one or other of their neighbours. The Greeks say that the Bulgars are constantly sending over groups of agents to stir up trouble in north-eastern Greece. United Nations observers confirm that that is actually happening. The Yugoslavs complain of the same trouble from the Bulgarians, Rumanians and Hungarians, and say that dangerous looking preparations are now going on behind their borders. All

civilians are being evacuated from an area of ten to thirty kilometres in depth, and troops are moving in.

On the other hand, the Albanians and their allies are making counter-claims about Yugoslav and Greek preparations to invade Albania. And just lately one leading Moscow newspaper, *Trud* (the organ of the Soviet trade unions) came out with a report about a new Yugoslav plan to attack Bulgaria, at the instigation, it said, of the Anglo-American imperialist warmongers.

It has been proved in this uncertain post-war era we are living in, that this kind of violent, belligerent propaganda can sometimes mean precisely nothing. For example, Soviet radio stations have been hurling abuse at the Turks for years, and yet the northern Turkish frontiers have remained relatively quiet. On the other hand, it was just such a barrage of radio warfare which preceded the invasion of South Korea. And then, of course, the communists claimed that actually it was North Korea which had been attacked. But now that there seems a possibility at least of the Korean conflict being settled, many people in the democracies are asking themselves where the next attack will be. And that, after all, is a logical if depressing question. For if there is one thing that has been constant about communist policy since 1946, it has been to apply pressure wherever there seemed to be a really weak spot in the defences of the non-communist world. From some points of view, the Balkans might seem to be just such a weak spot. And, of course, it is soon going to be the traditional time for trouble in Europe . . . that gloomy phrase the military correspondents seem to be so fond of 'when the harvest's in'. It was with just these thoughts at the back of my mind that I set out, six weeks ago, on a journey through the Balkans.

I covered altogether about 6,000 miles, travelling by aeroplane, train, jeep, mule, and sometimes on my feet. The first question I tried to find the answer to was: 'If trouble does start, how would



it begin?' Russian and satellite propaganda has already given its own answer to that question with the stories I mentioned just now of Greek and Yugoslav plans to attack Albania and Bulgaria. They have even given what they claim is the official name for this invasion. It is called, they say, Operation Lightning. Now, if you are about to invade a country, there are certain preparations you cannot conceal. You get your communications in good order—roads leading up to the frontier, supply dumps and so on—and you concentrate some troops. I spent altogether about two weeks on the Albanian border, about half that time on the Yugoslav side and half on the Greek. It is rugged mountainous Balkan country—the frontier running sometimes along the sharp ridges of the mountains, sometimes twisting down into the low scrub-covered foothills. From what I saw of the Albanian border, I am quite certain that whatever preparations are going on—and the Greeks, for example, have a big army which has to be kept busy somehow—are for defence, not for attack. You do not cut a road several miles back from the frontier, and leave the bridges down, if you are going to launch an invasion. And in any case, it does not take a long visit in either Greece or Yugoslavia to realise that both governments have far too many other problems—problems of reconstruction, economic reorganisation, and, in the case of Yugoslavia, fear of attack—on their hands to be thinking of starting wars themselves.

#### 'Systematic Campaign of Threats'

So my first conclusion is that, if trouble does start in the Balkans, the satellites will not be the victims. But will they be the aggressors? Marshal Tito and his ministers seem to think that the Russians might make them. A senior party member in Belgrade told me that the explanation for the stories about Albania being in danger was that Stalin planned to use Albania 'as a pretext for her [i.e. Russia's] own intentions regarding Yugoslavia'. And the Yugoslav leaders still apparently quite genuinely consider themselves European target number one for Moscow. For three years now, they say, the Russian satellites, who all but surround Yugoslavia—Albania on the west, Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary on the east and north-east—have been keeping up a systematic campaign of threats and border incidents. Even the Albanians, isolated though they are, are constantly shooting into Yugoslav territory and trying to provoke the Yugoslavs into shooting back.

I spent an afternoon at the small frontier town of Djakovica—a little market centre where the population is mostly Moslem, full of small shops, dominated by about half-a-dozen mosques, their tall, slim minarets giving the whole place a thoroughly old-world, Turkish atmosphere. A Yugoslav major, in charge of that section of the frontier, told me the Albanian guards are certainly getting no less provocative. As a result, the Yugoslav frontier posts have been pulled well back all along the demarcation line to avoid incidents. At the same time, on Yugoslav's eastern and northern frontiers the Bulgarian, Rumanian and Hungarian armies have been expanded—they have been well above the peace treaty limits for more than two years—and the Russians have been heavily re-equipping them. As another Yugoslav minister said to me, 'You must realise that we are living in constant danger. We never know when an invasion may begin'. But he added quickly, 'Of course the Yugoslav army would be more than a match for Rumanians, Hungarians or Bulgars. The will to fight is what wins wars'.

As far as I could see, the Yugoslav army would be a formidable opponent to any invader. And it will be a good deal stronger soon, as it gets re-equipped with western military supplies. But it would be hard put to it if the satellite troops were joined by the Red Army. That, however, seems unlikely—at least just at the moment. There are no reports of new Russian forces moving in to any of Yugoslavia's neighbours. On the other hand, by now the Russians have got complete control over all the Balkan satellite armies. They have not yet had to appoint a Russian General to take command as they did in Poland, but in the Bulgarian army, at least, many of the most senior officers have had years of training in Russia, and

several of them (so a Yugoslav official told me) have actually been at one time Soviet citizens. There are large Russian military missions, of course, in all these countries.

But is there any evidence against aggression coming from the satellites? I think there is. In the first place, there is no doubt that all the satellite countries already have some serious economic and political difficulties. There has been over-rapid industrialisation, there is a shortage of consumer goods and at the same time their agricultural policy has not been successful, and they have had to call a temporary halt to collectivisation. What is more, they are having serious trouble with the uncollectivised peasants, and food production has been falling. The new purge in Bulgaria, officially announced only last week, was the direct result of the failure of Bulgarian agricultural planning and is the latest example of what happens when satellites are forced to follow a rigid Soviet pattern in their internal policies, which does not fit local conditions and local needs. It does not seem likely that any country suffering from these economic uncertainties would choose to start a war. And apart from that, reports of more and more purges inside the communist parties in all the other satellite countries show that they are not over-stable politically either.

There is, however, an answer to this. The North Koreans were in no state—by themselves—to launch a war. And that raises the question of Russia's intentions in the Balkans. Obviously that is not a subject for predictions. But there are several points that may be relevant. First, there is a big difference between 1949 and 1951. When I was there two years ago, Yugoslavia was isolated from the rest of the world. She had just broken with Russia, but had no firm contacts with the west. I remember wondering myself, at that time, how long this new phenomenon of an independent, anti-Soviet, communist state could last. And some people (in Yugoslavia as well as out) were still insisting that the Cominform resolution was really all a bluff, and that Tito and Stalin would suddenly make it up.

In that atmosphere of uncertainty and of isolation from the west, Yugoslavia might have had to defend herself alone. Or at least an invader might have thought she would. But now the Yugoslavs feel confident that an attack on them would bring in the western powers. They no longer feel alone.

#### Changes in Yugoslavia and Greece

Then there is the fact that in the meantime Yugoslavia has started getting aid from the west. It has strengthened her economically, and will also make a big difference to the fighting capacity of the Yugoslav army. Then there have been big changes in Greece. She has had two years in which to start recovering from the effects of the communist rebellion. It is worth remembering incidentally that, when that rebellion was ending, the Russians apparently wrote off the Greek communists; they made them adopt impossible military tactics which obviously could only end in their destruction. The motive for this curious piece of Soviet policy is still rather obscure. But at least the Greeks have not forgotten it, and it would make it a pretty hopeless task to build up an effective pro-Russian fifth column in their country. In the meantime too, the Greek army, proud of its victories in 1949, is certainly one of the most efficient and best armed in any small European country. So there seem to be a lot of reasons why the Balkans, disturbed and divided though they are, may not be the scene of another experiment in so-called 'local aggression'.

When we had looked at the big white birds paddling across the middle of Lake Prespa, my Greek companion said he must go back to his village. 'For ten years', he said, 'we have suffered: from wars, from guerrillas, from threats across the frontiers. Now at last we have come home. We have got so much to do, so much damage to repair. We have no time to think of trouble in the future. We are only simple people. But after all, the others, in those other countries, whatever their governments, they are simple people too. They only want to live their lives quietly and peacefully, like us'.—*Home Service*



# Egypt—On and Below the Surface

The first of three talks by LORD KINROSS on people and politics in the Middle East

**A** MONTH or two ago a passenger aircraft flew from London to Cairo in something under five-and-a-half hours. This means that the east, today, is no more than an overnight journey from the west. For some time it has been looking the part. Soon Cairo may be more famous for its skyscrapers, gleaming white by the banks of the Nile, than for its Pyramids, brooding over a belt of garden suburbs. Cairo is changing, all too rapidly, into a kind of Hollywood city of apartment blocks and milk bars and giant advertisements. Even the old parts of the City are slowly disappearing. The Turkish houses with their overhanging latticed windows, the cavernous stores of the bazaars, are giving place to concrete boxes with balconies, to chromium shopfronts lurid with fluorescent lighting. There is a boom in building, and the pasha—who in any case always saw money in terms of land and real estate rather than in commercial or industrial investment—is cashing in on it, pocketing as much as £150,000 a year net profit from a single block of offices or apartments.

But meanwhile—and here is the difference from Hollywood—the poor still throng the pavements barefoot, in their medieval rags, or in tattered cast-off trousers and worn-out shoes. Their decrepit donkey carts, laden with vegetables for the market or with black-veiled wives and squatting children, jostle the luxurious streamlined cars of the pashas. It is a familiar enough picture of two extremes, and I only revert to it because it seems, within the last two years, to have reached new heights and depths of distortion. Cairo today is a caricature of the west, such as never existed except in the east. It represents, in appearance, the classic Moscow picture of the decadent bourgeois state, with its bloated capitalists and its oppressed proletariat.

Now let us look below the surface of this picture, so unfamiliar to the western welfare world. Eighteen months ago Egypt had a general election. It was generally agreed to have been the freest general election in the history of Egyptian politics. It resulted in the crushing defeat of a minority government, and the return to power, with an overwhelming majority, of the Wafd. The Wafd—the old Nationalist Party of the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties—has always had a strong popular follow-

ing. It is regarded as the party of the people. And the people, buoyed up by that surge of optimism which any change of regime induces in the oriental mind, expected much of it. It was to be a regime of new brooms and clean slates, truly representative of the people, which would raise the standard of living and sign a new and advantageous treaty with the British.

And what happened in those eighteen months? Not quite what the people hoped for. The Wafd Government started off with an ambitious—perhaps too ambitious—series of schemes for social reform. Nahas Pasha, the Prime Minister, brought non-political experts into his Cabinet to carry them out. A commendable start has certainly been



Contrasts in Cairo: primitive wagon carrying black-veiled women—



—and high-powered cars in a fashionable shopping centre. On the left, worshippers kneel towards the east at noon

made. The Minister of Education has proclaimed free secondary education for all Egyptians. His slogan is a primary school for every village, a secondary school for every town, a technical school for every province—and a host of willing officials is helping him to translate it into practice. The Minister of Social Affairs has introduced some helpful labour legislation, has made a start with a scheme for social security, and is steadily raising the number of rural social centres. The Minister of Health has one doctor for every 5,000 of the population, and hopes within five years to have twice as many. Progress has been made with the reclamation of land, keeping pace with—but not unfortunately getting ahead of—Egypt's rapidly increasing population.

These schemes, of course, are open to criticism. They show a tendency to make Egypt run before she can walk. Is it wise, for instance, to go ahead so fast with secondary education before primary education is universal, and before the country is equipped,



socially and economically, to absorb its output? Again, social security in Britain was introduced as the culmination of a long and wearisome period of social reform—not as the start of it. Egypt may have its doctors, but they are not always in the right places, preferring the towns to the villages; the reclaimed land does not always fall into the right hands. It is always tempting, especially in the east, to seek shop-window appeal rather than a more constructive, less obtrusive programme; to start from the top rather than the bottom, to build up a large central bureaucracy before local institutions are equipped to carry out its policies. But such criticisms do not apply to oriental countries alone, and it is only fair to give the Egyptians credit for their social schemes, as far as they have gone. They represent the work of a group of ministers and officials, serious-minded and public-spirited, who are well aware of the country's problems and well equipped to deal with them. They represent the aspirations of a new middle class, with a modern education, more concerned with social improvements than with party politics. It is a class which, given leadership and opportunity, can prove a valuable stabilising influence in Egyptian affairs.

### Fundamental Problems

But unfortunately the efforts of these men do little more than scratch the surface of Egyptian discontent. The opportunity and the leadership have not yet materialised. Egypt is a country of 14,000,000 fellaheen. But the bulk of their land is still in the hands of a few thousand absentee landlords, with, to say the least of it, an under-developed social conscience. There has as yet been no serious, concerted effort to tackle Egypt's fundamental problem, to insist on the payment of taxes by the rich, to impose social responsibilities upon them and to limit the extent of their lands. The greater part of the Wafd's schemes for social and economic reform, on which such high hopes rested, still remain at the blueprint stage. Effective power, in the Government, rests in the hands, not of the new middle class, but of the pashas of the old brigade, Nationalist veterans like Nahas Pasha and his disciples, who first enjoyed the sweets of office as popular heroes in Egypt's struggle for independence. They are enjoying them still, on the same old terms, but in an Egypt which is rapidly outgrowing them.

During the past eighteen months Nahas Pasha's primary ostensible concern has been with Egypt's familiar 'national aspirations'—the securing of a new treaty with Britain. The existing treaty, it will be remembered, confirms Egypt's independence, but gives Britain the right to keep troops on the Suez Canal. It was signed by Nahas Pasha in 1936, and lasts till 1956. But in 1946 negotiations were held for its revision. The Wafd, then in strong opposition to a weak Palace government, forced up the bidding until the negotiations broke down. They were resumed last year. But the Wafd, now back in power, could not recede from the stand which it had adopted in Opposition. And the British Government, faced with a 'deteriorating international situation, could not concede, without strong additional safeguards, the evacuation which it had previously contemplated. Thus the talks, in the torpid, Alexandrine summer heat, have made no progress.

In the autumn, when Parliament meets and tempers rise, this may lead to serious consequences. Nahas Pasha may feel obliged to denounce the Treaty, depriving the British forces in the Canal Zone of ports, communications, and an Egyptian labour force, some 50,000 strong. It is still uncertain whether he will pursue so extreme a course—or whether Egyptian public opinion would be behind him if he did. There are many responsible people in Egypt who, in private if not in public, admit the dangers of the international situation, and who do not in fact regret the presence of British troops on the Canal—if not as a bulwark against Russia, then as a bulwark against the closer threat of Israel.

As to the less responsible elements, there has been, during the last six months or so, an appreciable change in the Egyptian atmosphere. The anti-British slogans which never failed to rouse the rabble in the good old days of the Wafd have a slightly hollow ring today. For the people of Egypt, seeking an explanation for their ills, are beginning to look, not outwards towards the British, but inwards, towards their rulers. This brings us back to the familiar picture of the pashas in their limousines and the masses on the pavements: It represents an order of things which, not so long ago, was still more or less accepted, with a shrug of the shoulders, even by the masses themselves—not indeed as desirable, but as perhaps inevitable. This attitude is changing. The eyes of the Egyptians are opening. They are beginning to see that 'it isn't fair'. For the first time resentment at the inequalities of the social order is not merely felt but openly expressed. In the towns, though not yet perhaps in the countryside, there is a widespread undercurrent of

feeling against the ruling class, which might at any moment flare into subversive action. Newspapers are appearing on the streets, stamped with the red dove of Soviet peace, and serialising, with suggestive banner headlines, the story of the French Revolution. It is significant that the Wafd Government now discourages those student demonstrations which were in the past one of its favourite weapons.

There are a number of reasons for this change of attitude. The first is the extent of the corruption in official circles. A certain degree of corruption has been almost a tradition in Egyptian politics since Turkish times, and the public has cynically accepted it. But this time there is a general feeling that it has gone too far. The recent scandal over the sale of arms created a dangerous split in the Army. Discipline has now been re-established. But some discontent remains. Among the civilian population it is widespread. The cost of living rises continuously, creating serious hardship among the poor and serious resentment among the middle class. Fortunes are being made out of cotton, at artificial prices, from which the people do not benefit. The Government, in their eyes, has become an oligarchy of self-interested pashas, unconcerned with their welfare.

Moreover the Government is strong. An absolute majority in both houses enables it to establish a kind of parliamentary dictatorship. And it has struck up an alliance with its hereditary enemy, the Palace, which in the past maintained a certain balance of power. This is the dangerous factor in the Egyptian internal situation. It means that Opposition has been driven virtually underground. It thrives in a number of scattered subversive groups, but particularly in the fanatical Moslem brotherhood. This extremist movement is emerging once more from its eclipse under the last regime—without a leader, it is true, and without funds, but still with an effective organisation, and with strong support from the younger and more discontented elements in the Egyptian middle class. It stands to reason that there is some communist influence behind all this. But it hardly needs to exert itself. The Soviet Union has merely to sit back and gently encourage the process of spontaneous disintegration.

### Political Optimism

Thus the situation in Egypt looks black. But it is never quite as black as it looks. The bark of the Egyptian rebel is worse than his bite. Beneath the surface things move slowly in the valley of the Nile, and there is usually more time to find a solution than the European observer might suppose. As a responsible Egyptian official put it: 'The kettle is boiling, but the lid is not yet off'. For all their surface excitability, the Egyptians remain a conservative people, apathetic by nature, who shrink from the revolutionary solution. Their approach to social problems, even among the more progressive classes, resembles rather that of the English radical, fifty years ago, than that of the Russian communist or that of the English left-wing socialist today. Moreover the country has made social progress within the last generation, and even today the Egyptian working man is probably better off than he was before the war. A sincere and active government which reduced the cost of living, stamped out corruption, and initiated a policy of fundamental land reform, would have the immediate support of the entire population. Thus Egypt would be launched—this time with some justification—on a new wave of political optimism.

The key to such a solution is perhaps the King. King Farouk's popularity may fluctuate. But his power is great, and his influence, with so traditionalist a people, is strong. If he were to emerge tomorrow as the active, constructive champion of a genuine social democracy, the discontents of the Egyptian people would vanish overnight. Such a course would go far also to solve the country's external problems. Egypt needs to re-establish her credit in the eyes of the world, to create confidence abroad in her integrity, her social and economic stability, and her capacity to defend herself. If she can do so the door may be opened to a new defence agreement, not merely on Anglo-Egyptian but on international terms, in which an Egyptian Army, armed and trained by the west, might come to play a responsible part.

If nothing of the kind occurs, if the old brigade of Egyptian pashas carries on in its old way much longer, frustration may drive the middle class to extremes and the peasants to an ultimate revolt. Thus the Soviet dream of Egypt may come true.—*Third Programme*

*War in the Twentieth Century* is the title of the inaugural lecture by Mr. P. A. Reynolds, Wilson Professor of International Politics at the University College of Wales, which has been published by the University of Wales Press, price 2s. 6d.



# Soviet Diplomacy

By MAX BELOFF

ON the fly-leaf of the new second volume of the *Soviet Diplomatic Dictionary* there appears a request by the editors that readers of it should send in their comments and suggestions to an address which they give. One suspects that the possibility of this request being taken up outside the Soviet Union was not very seriously contemplated. But the idea of responding to it, even in this rather indirect fashion—as I am doing now—is a tempting one. For from the point of view of those outside Soviet Russia, who have to try to interpret the various shifts and changes of emphasis in its foreign policy, the appearance of an authoritative exposition of this kind is a pretty considerable event. And, despite the fact that it runs to 500 quarto pages, close printed in double columns, I myself would like to see it translated and made readily available to all those concerned with international relations. It is true that it is incomplete, in that it deals only with subjects and persons whose initial letters fall within the second half of the Russian alphabet. The first volume published two or three years ago is not apparently in general circulation now. But since the editors have not minded a good deal of overlapping, there are few subjects in its field upon which the *Dictionary* does not throw some light.

## 'High-Level' Instruction

What kind of light it throws is a difficult question to answer. In his recent book: *Public Opinion in Soviet Russia*, Dr. Alex Inkeles makes the point that the internal propaganda of the Soviet regime reflects the stratification of Soviet society. The level of the output of books and journals for each group is dictated by that group's function in the system, and by the degree of ideological subtlety it is thought to have reached. More imaginative writers have conjectured, perhaps with justice, that there is a level of political thinking in the Kremlin which never percolates to the public prints at all. But at any rate this *Dictionary* is what we might call high-level stuff. It is clearly meant for the instruction of Soviet diplomats and journalists, and not for the general public. It is hardly the kind of reading for the fireside after a hard day's work on a collective farm. So, if we can build up out of the material in this book a sort of world-picture, we are probably getting as near as we can to the kind of thing that lies behind the words and actions of the Russian government servants whom our own diplomats have to deal with at the United Nations and elsewhere. The whole tone of the book is factual, precise, moderate—there are none or almost none of those extravagances of abuse that make Soviet writing on a lower level so intolerable to the ordinary educated person. Even the requisite pinch of incense whenever Stalin's name is mentioned is a rather smaller and less obtrusive pinch of incense than usual. The presence on the editorial board of three such eminent former Soviet diplomats as Messrs. Maisky, Troyanovsky and Stein is a guarantee that experience of the world outside the Soviet Union has been at the disposal of the different contributors.

This then, is the nearest thing, presumably, that the Russians can manage to an objective appraisal of the international scene, and of their country's role within it. If we are to attain an understanding of any kind with them, it must start with seeing what we can find in common with the assumptions upon which this book is written. Let us look at it from that point of view.

In the first place, one must admit that factual accuracy in the narrowest sense is certainly among the book's qualities. There is no attempt made to invent non-existent facts to bolster up the writers' theories. At the most, there is suppression. Thus, for instance, on the biographical side, though there are articles (rather brief) on both Chicherin and Litvinov, and a rather longer one on Molotov, their predecessor as Commissar for Foreign Affairs—Trotsky—gets no article devoted to him. Though in a long historical article on Soviet foreign policy there is a mention of Trotsky's 'treacherous' activities at the time of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. Such omissions are, of course, a part of the internal security policy of the regime, and must be accepted as such. It is more extraordinary to find that a document like

the secret protocol of the Nazi-Soviet pact of August 1939, which is so widely known, is simply omitted from the *Dictionary's* account of this treaty, and Ribbentrop's dramatic visit to Moscow from his biography. On the other hand having regard to the general Soviet view on national sovereignty and non-intervention, it is not surprising that the *Dictionary* underplays the extent of Soviet assistance to the Spanish Republic in its struggle against Franco.

It would indeed be surprising, and in contrast to usual Soviet practice, if one were to find in this volume anything in the nature of diplomatic revelations. But there is one point of particular interest. As might be expected, much space is devoted to building up the picture of the Soviet Union in the nineteen-thirties as the devoted exponent of collective security. In the article on 'Munich' we now find the statement that Stalin in an interview (undated) with the Czech communist Gottwald, offered military assistance to Czechoslovakia even should France not move, provided only that the Czechs themselves resisted, and asked for Soviet help. 'Gottwald', it says, 'passed this message on to Benes. But the ruling clique of the Czech bourgeoisie, fearful for its class interests, preferred capitulation'. This may explain for the first time what Benes meant by saying in his published letter to Professor L. B. Namier that he had refused to provoke war in 1938 'in spite of the insistence of Moscow'. Though it still leaves many questions unanswered.

But these are all relatively minor points. Modern philosophers are divided on the formidable question of the nature of truth into two schools. The two theories they support are known respectively as the 'correspondence theory' and the 'coherence theory'. According to the former, to quote a philosophical colleague of mine, 'a statement . . . is true if it corresponds to the facts; and, conversely, if it corresponds to the facts it is true'. The coherence theory however defines truth differently: 'A statement, it is maintained, is true if it can be shown to cohere, or fit in with, all other statements we are prepared to accept'. Once we get away from facts in the narrowest sense to any question of interpretation and motive, there is no point in testing the *Dictionary* in terms of the correspondence theory of truth. What is much more important is that it should stand up to a test in terms of the coherence theory of truth. For the Soviet reader has no other facts by which to test it; at any one time there will only be one set of facts available. But it is important that the story that is told should have an inner coherence, that it should not by internal contradictions create a suspension of belief. On the whole, one must admit that the editors of the *Dictionary* have performed this part of their task with great success. The picture given is one that is completely consistent with itself, and one that, granted certain premises, it is very difficult indeed to quarrel with.

## Conventional Handling

One obvious difficulty was how the editors would treat in the same volume, both Soviet and pre-Revolutionary Russian diplomacy. For, as the article on Soviet Foreign Policy tells us: 'The Great October Socialist Revolution gave birth to a government of a new type—the Soviet Socialist Government—and by so doing laid the foundations of Soviet foreign policy. This is in principle different from the foreign policy of all other governments, both of those of preceding epochs and of all the exploiting governments of the contemporary era'. But despite this declaration, the articles dealing with earlier Russian policy from Peter the Great to the foreign ministers of the immediately pre-Revolutionary period, such as Lamsdorf or even Sazonov, are handled in the most conventional fashion. They deal with the policies of these figures in exactly the same kind of way as might the most conventional diplomatic historian of the west. The amount of national bias in favour of Russian policies and statesmen is no less and no more than conventional historians in other countries have shown towards their own governments.

The test would seem to be whether this kind of treatment can in fact be continued into the post-Revolutionary period in such aspects



of Russian foreign policy as have a continuous history. Or does the coming of the Revolution alter the conception of the interests of the Russian state? One such problem would be that of the regime of the Straits, to which a long article is in fact devoted. The problem as it has historically existed is clearly analysed at the beginning, and we are shown how the interests of the Black Sea Powers, and in the first place of Russia, were to secure free access to the Mediterranean without at the same time permitting foreign powers such right of access to the Black Sea itself as might threaten their own security. The non-Black Sea powers were of course interested in securing the reverse of these conditions, freedom for their own ships to enter the Black Sea, and obstacles to the free egress of the Russians. Around these two positions, and obvious intermediate ones, the whole diplomatic story has revolved.

### The Montreux Convention

The article goes on to discuss the post-Revolutionary diplomacy of this question, and the Lausanne and Montreux Conventions. With regard to the latter, it points out that the main Soviet complaint was the power which it placed in the hands of Turkey. Turkish hostility to Soviet interests as shown particularly during the second World War is indeed something upon which the *Dictionary* harps on every possible occasion. Since the Turkish government have refused the Soviet proposals for revising the Convention, the question is still an open one. In analysing its contemporary form, the *Dictionary* says: 'It is obvious that the problem cannot be separated from other problems of international politics. The relations of this power or that to the problem of the Straits, as in the past, so now, depend on the general direction and character of the policy of the given country. The imperialist powers in the problem of the Straits seek imperialist ends. Turkey, being subordinate to Anglo-American imperialism, behaves in this question of the Straits as an accomplice of the imperialists. On the other hand, the one socialist Great Power in the world—the Soviet Union—seeks such a solution of this ancient but still thoroughly living issue as shall be in the interests of peace and the security of nations'. But when the proposals that are now put forward as conducive to this end are examined they are seen to be not in the least distinguishable from the objectives which (according to the *Dictionary's* own analysis) were those of Russia's rulers under the old regime.

Thus one is obliged to discount a good deal of the claim that the Soviet Union has inaugurated a new era in international relations. Indeed from the point of view of the really internationally-minded, the Soviet viewpoint might appear to be actually old-fashioned, not to say reactionary. For there is a constant emphasis on points like unrestricted sovereignty, and non-intervention in the internal affairs of other countries. While, in proclaiming the Soviet Union's devotion to peace, it is still made clear that this has nothing to do with conventional bourgeois pacifism but is simply the time-honoured distinction between just and unjust wars, if with a twist a little different from that envisaged by medieval proponents of the theory.

On the other hand, it is not possible to jump from this to the other extreme and to say that the Soviet Union is simply an imperialist power of the old type. Indeed, if it were, our problems in handling it would be easier than they are. The picture built up by the *Dictionary* shows that there is a sense in which the Revolution has made all the difference. The way the Russians look at it would seem to be this: Soviet foreign policy is conditioned, like that of other countries, upon internal policy. In the Soviet case it is based upon the belief in the possibility of building socialism in one country and in the subsequent transition to communism. In a world which is still partly capitalist, this means recognising the 'inevitability of the temporary co-existence of the two systems', the capitalist and the socialist. In such a situation, the first objective of Soviet foreign policy is 'to protect the interests of the Soviet Union'. This, as Molotov is quoted as saying, is 'in accordance with the deepest interests of all other nations'.

Maintaining the complete independence and sovereignty of the Soviet Union underlies, for instance, the attitude that the Soviet Union has taken towards proposals for the control of atomic energy. It is essential mainly for the building of socialism. This will become impossible in Yugoslavia, we are told, where Tito and the Yugoslav 'Trotskyists' are making the country a dependency of the imperialist powers. It is also a part of Soviet policy to resist aggression on the part of the 'imperialists'; but this must be interpreted in the light of the other principle that the Soviet Union stands against any form of colonialism, or of the subordination of one people to another. Thus assistance to any

movement which can be represented as struggling for national independence would not be aggression. Whereas to attempt to maintain the *status quo*, as in South Korea or Indo-China, is to commit aggression.

Nor must it be thought that this analysis affects only the Asiatic countries. There are continued references to the subordination of the western European countries to American imperialism, so that support of any anti-American movement in these countries would clearly not constitute aggression on the Soviet definition. But this perhaps is mere theory. More important is the historical picture that the *Dictionary* builds up. By reading back the notion of 'socialism in one country' to the very earliest days of the Revolution, it can be made out that the policies of all other countries have been dictated ever since 1917, by the single desire to extirpate the peaceful Soviet regime, and restore the Soviet people to the bondage of capitalism. This is, for instance, the obvious burden of the biographical article on Mr. Churchill. And every event in international history from 1917—the Locarno treaties or the policy of appeasement—is treated in the light of this belief. But it is not sufficient to blacken the records of countries like Great Britain and France, or defeated Germany. It is also necessary to identify the United States with every anti-Soviet move throughout the period, even at times when the United States was playing an almost entirely negative role in European affairs. Thus the United States is made equally responsible for such matters as the Locarno treaties and the Munich settlement, with which it had little if anything to do. From the general condemnation of all things American, only President Roosevelt is excepted, and he only so as the more to blacken the policies and conduct of his successor.

The western reader, unfamiliar with the Soviet world-picture, might well ask at this point how all this fits in with our war-time alliance against Nazi Germany. Here again, a totally different picture of the war is presented to that which is in our own minds. It is most clearly manifested in the article on Lend-Lease which becomes far from the 'weapon of victory' that its administrator, Mr. Stettinius, called it. Soviet readers are warned not to over-estimate the importance of lend-lease to the Soviet victory; it represented only a contribution of four per cent. to the total of resources employed by the Russian forces. British readers, remembering the year they stood alone, may be surprised to find the Russians complaining that Great Britain got far more lend-lease aid than they did 'despite the fact that Britain's role in the war was in no sense measurable against that of the Soviet Union'. Even Roosevelt's sincerity in proclaiming that the only object of lend-lease was to speed victory is questioned. Lend-lease, we learn, was also a weapon of American economic penetration into Europe and Asia. There is little hope held out that the United Nations can contribute to bettering relations between the Soviet Union and the non-Soviet world. For this also remains divided into warring camps. Those who have blamed the Secretary-General, Mr. Trygve Lie, for too much consideration for the wishes of the communist powers may be surprised to find him denounced in these pages as yet another agent of American imperialism.

### 'Revised Edition of the Pre-1939' World'

Thus, the contemporary world is simply a revised edition of the pre-1939 world, with the Atlantic Pact taking the place of the Rome-Berlin axis as the spearhead of the anti-Soviet front, though the advent of the popular democracies and the widespread support for Soviet policies among the people of other countries are all symptomatic of the strengthening of the Soviet position. In Germany, above all, the two worlds have clashed, and, of course, entirely by the actions of the west. Events in eastern Germany and the Berlin blockade are passed over in silence. Nevertheless it is not that matters are hopeless: 'Despite the fact that the conflict between the Soviet Union on the one side and the United States, Great Britain and France on the other on the German question, as well as their rooted differences on other important economic, social and political questions find their origins in the deep divisions on principle between the two social systems, the imperialist and the socialist, even so there remains a possibility of co-operation between these two fundamental economic systems'.

With this modicum of comfort we must be content. Perhaps the emphasis on the word 'economic' is important as indicating a possible line of advance. It may also be worth noting the two points the *Dictionary* makes to the credit of Peter the Great: that he kept his word in international agreements, and that he knew how to exploit for Russia's benefit the internal divisions of other countries.

—Third Programme



# Choosing Children for Secondary Schools

By R. N. ARMFELT

EVERY year thousands of children at about ten or eleven years of age go through what is often called the selection examination for secondary schools. It is not a new examination. It has existed in one form or another ever since there were secondary schools at which children could win places. But now there is a difference. The Education Act says all children can go to a secondary school and the only question is: which kind? And that is why some people prefer to call the examination an allocation test or transfer test: it helps to select the kind of school each child is to go to. Children differ—don't we all know it?—and the purpose is to fit every one into a school where his or her abilities and aptitudes can find their fullest expression.

## 'As Fair a Job as Possible'

You may say that some schools are better than others—and they obviously are. They have better buildings, perhaps, or have got the name. Maybe it is the grammar school in the next road which everyone knows is the best; or the technical school with its link up with the local firms; or it might be one of the secondary modern schools. Many of the new ones look well enough and have already shown that they can do good work. And, of course, you want your child to go to the best. But is what you call the best school, the best, necessarily, for your child? It quite possibly is not, and in any case, at present, there just may not be room for him there. It certainly is not easy, but the selection has to be made and the test is designed to make as fair a job of it as possible. In a few places it has been possible to arrange for grammar, technical and modern education all in one school—or this is the aim. I mean the 'Comprehensive School'. But there are not many of these and I am talking about the general run.

Does the test get the right answer? I don't suppose anyone could say quite positively that it invariably does; in fact, I am sure it does not. But I would say that so far as my experience goes no authority ever spared effort to make it do so. In fact, in the last twenty-five or thirty years there has been a steady advance in the methods of examination used. What are these methods? Because we do not know of any one sure single way of making the selection, different education authorities use methods which differ slightly. So if what I describe does not apply in the area you know best, that does not mean that it is not true of other areas.

In many cases, the examination is taken in at least two parts and comprises at least two elements. As to the parts—the first is to pick out children whose abilities place them quite clearly in one category or another, as suitable for grammar or technical or modern or some other kind of secondary education. When this first sorting out has taken place there is another stage or stages, in which closer study is made of the less obvious cases. Thus, it might happen that 5,000 children sat for the first stage. Of these, perhaps 500 would show themselves suited for a grammar or technical education, 3,000 might seem destined for secondary modern education, while 1,500 were in between, neither one thing—quite definitely—nor another. I am supposing, by the way, there is no shortage of places to take the children. Then it is these 1,500 who are given further tests. Nearly always, however, these 1,500 are increased by children who are thought by their teachers not to have done themselves justice in the first stage. Thus unless the verdict of the first test is very obvious and agreed to by the teachers who know the children, there is no question of children's futures being settled by just one test. In practice, some education authorities go to the extent of examining in four stages when children's aptitudes and abilities do not show up clearly at the first stage.

As to the elements of the examination: they nearly all include an intelligence test, and tests in arithmetic and English. Intelligence tests are generally combined with other kinds, so that it is quite mistaken to imagine that everything depends on intelligence tests. These tests are used as only one of the methods of measuring children's abilities. However, it is seldom true that selection is based on written work alone. For instance, account is taken of the teachers' opinions—not

only of the teachers in the primary schools who know the children, but those in secondary schools as well. Sometimes the opinions of the primary school teachers have been built up over several years and noted in what are called record cards. Then again, some authorities at a final stage interview children about whom there still remain doubts. Altogether, the process is a most careful and thorough one.

However, an examination is always rather a complicated business and misunderstandings easily arise. So I want to discuss some of them. They are imaginary cases, but they might not have been. Here is a letter that might have been written to the Ministry of Education:

I take this opportunity of protesting against the latest ruling barring my child from attending the local high school. [You see this father is really angry.] It seems ridiculous [he goes on] that after my child had passed her examination, she failed before an oral test, notwithstanding the fact that other children are going to high school whose class places are definitely lower.

That is the letter. And the answer? Well, it was something like this. That examination consisted of three parts. First there were the tests in intelligence, arithmetic and English—the usual arrangement that I described to you. Secondly, there were the reports from the head teachers. Then thirdly, and only in the case of children about whom there was some doubt, there were interviews. The father thought that it was the interview that had settled the matter, but the fact is the decision was made on all three parts of the examination taken together. There was one misunderstanding. But here is one of the opposite kind:

I have today received a letter from the County Education Officer, a copy of which is attached. The circumstances set out by the County Education Officer are not correct. The boy has not been interviewed as part of the normal examination procedure.

In the previous case, the complaint was because a child was interviewed; this time it was because he was not. Actually in the examination run by this authority, the interview was given only to the likely candidates. This boy got such low marks in his written work that he did not qualify. Even so, if his headmaster had suspected any real injustice, I have no doubt an interview would have taken place. But those are only two examples. Sometimes it looks as if a boy is being given an extra chance: he sits for an examination after all the others. The fact probably is, he was not well when the ordinary examination took place, and the doctor has certified this. Then there is the case of the mother whose girl was offered a place at one school; she would have liked her to go to another. Perhaps this other school was full up already. Of course no examination ever was quite perfect. Nevertheless I do believe that very few mistakes are made, and if they are, most authorities are ready to consider transfers from one school to another at the age of about thirteen. But this generally has to have the head teacher's strong recommendation.

## The Danger of Special Coaching

You will notice that, so far, I have done no more than try to describe the examination. But what is to be said to the father who writes the following letter?

Our daily newspapers tell us of the grammar school education for the intelligent child, and in order to prepare my son for an academic education I paid for him to have some special coaching.

This raises a very practical point. Should parents take any special steps to have their children prepared? Some do, and what is more they think teachers are not doing their jobs unless they arrange what they call a 'scholarship' class. It is natural, but it is not at all what the authorities want. They—the authorities, that is—say two things: first, that it is undesirable, and secondly, that it is unlikely to effect much in any case. As to desirability, if any of you have had any experience of it you will know what I mean. The children themselves tend to suffer. Children at that age should be doing what comes naturally to them, and so in good primary schools in these days you have the children dancing and

(continued on page 308)



# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

## Behind the Scenes

THE B.B.C. will be taking part as usual in the eighteenth Radio Exhibition which is to be opened by Lord Mountbatten at Earl's Court, London, next Wednesday. The industry is undergoing a time of some stress since the demands of the rearmament campaign and of the export drive have to be met as well as the claims of the home industry. But broadly one supposes that the visitors to the exhibition will be less concerned about the anxieties of the industry and more over its achievements. One of the chief attractions of the show will unquestionably be the television studio which is being provided by the Radio Industry to the B.B.C.'s design. From this studio a number of performances will be televised and visitors will be able to watch rehearsals and performances through windows set along three of the studio's sides. Thus they will be able to learn at first-hand some of the difficulties with which television producers are faced in their day-to-day work and to appreciate the elaborate equipment that goes to the making of a television programme.

Compared with a sound broadcasting studio the television studio is complex. Its nearest forbear is the film studio, but even at Lime Grove where the B.B.C. has converted and is converting film studios to the use of television much has to be done and it is a long job. For example, the walls have to be sound-proofed and special rooms above and outside the studios have to be constructed for the use of the producers and the engineers. It is true that the lighting equipment of the film studio can be employed for television but one tends to forget that the so-called cameras which are required in some numbers for a big television production are not in fact cameras at all but 'recording eyes' of delicate structure. Again, there are vast differences between television drama and film production both from the point of view of producers and actors. Films can be made in short 'takes' at long intervals. A scene can be photographed again and again until all goes well and inappropriate or useless sequences can be discarded on the cutting room floor. But television drama is a continuous process. The 'recording eye' cannot be shut, cannot forgive. The scenery is disposed within the studio for an entire programme (a marionette show and a sporting demonstration may, for example, be housed there together for a Children's Hour programme) and the cameras must be shifted about according to a complicated schedule to cover every angle of the studio required in a given show. When critics complain that a television show is too static, they may not always realise the limitations on equipment and on studio accommodation. To go behind the scenes is calculated to humble the carper.

Thus progress towards the ideal television programme is inevitably slow. Progress would have been much greater had it not been for the war and no doubt might be greater today were it not for the other claims on our national resources. Yet the contrast between the studios at Alexandra Palace and Lime Grove is notable. At Lime Grove, for example, the problem of overheated studios is to a large extent overcome by the provision of air conditioning. When the other projected studios are finally opened at Lime Grove, a further advance will be recorded and another advance may be envisaged as the White City comes into use. For even at Lime Grove producers are confronted with the difficulty of arranging for their scenery which often has to be carried across London from workshops at Alexandra Palace. Visitors to the Radio Exhibition, 1951, may therefore be well advised to spare a thought both for the difficulties of the industry and of the B.B.C. To know all is to forgive all—or at any rate to induce charity.

## What They Are Saying

Radio comments on the San Francisco conference

THE FORTHCOMING CONFERENCE at San Francisco was a principal topic of comment last week. Soviet reaction, up to the time of writing, has been mainly confined to giving great publicity to the denunciation of the draft Japanese peace treaty by the Foreign Minister of Communist China. According to the Peking *People's Daily*, as quoted from China, the treaty would not only be a catastrophe for Japan, but:

The separate peace treaty with Japan, which aims at rearming her and using her as a tool for aggression, menaces China and the Soviet Union, as well as the security of various Asian and Australasian countries. It threatens peace in the Far East and the world. To save the Japanese nation from this peril, the Japanese people must unite ever more closely against the aggressors who are enslaving them.

From India, the press, as quoted, showed a certain division of opinion on the proposed treaty. The *Times of India* was very critical:

India and those countries which are unable to accept the present draft treaty are of course theoretically free to devise arrangements of their own. However, since the American draft binds Japan to certain commitments, no subsequent treaty either by India or any other power can be negotiated on a basis of equality and freedom. By threatening to exclude most Asian states from the peace treaty, those responsible for America's Far Eastern policy display a deplorable lack of foresight and understanding.

The *Hindustan Times* was, apparently, of a different opinion:

A democratic Japan with no imperialistic ambitions is the best guarantee of peace in the Far East. It remains to be seen whether Russia shares this view or whether she intends to use the San Francisco conference for further filibustering propaganda. But the duty of democratic nations is clear. They have to help a democratic Japan to take her rightful place in the comity of nations.

From Australia, the *Sydney Morning Herald* was quoted as saying that Russia scarcely had the right to speak on Japan at all, since she came into the Pacific War only at the kill and the former Japanese territory she had acquired had repaid her a thousandfold for her six days of nominal fighting. The *Melbourne Argus* commented:

If Washington will listen to its wiser tongues, it will take the lead in offering revision of the treaty terms, not to meet Russian demands, but to establish the basis of Asian friendship.

There was, of course, a very large volume of comment from the U.S.A. Several American papers put forward the view that Soviet Russia's motive in coming to the San Francisco conference was linked with the cease-fire talks in Korea, which, if successfully concluded before the opening of the conference, would prompt Russia to try to open up the entire Far Eastern problem there. As the *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as putting it:

It would be reasonable from the Kremlin's realistic viewpoint to leave the Chinese to make the best peace they may be able to get, with the Russians themselves arriving at San Francisco next month armed with all the old propaganda battery, and with it to seek once more to raise Asiatic nationalism as a blockade to the signing of the Japanese Treaty. This would be the most likely and, by all odds, the safest remaining means of accomplishing the original purpose of the Korean attack, which was to prevent Japan from passing finally beyond Soviet reach.

French comment emphasised the view that Soviet Russia will try to use the conference to crystallise opposition against the Japanese Treaty among the Asiatic Powers. But one of the most interesting comments quoted from the French press was one on Soviet policy as a whole by Raymond Aron, writing in the Catholic Conservative *Le Figaro*. His conclusion was that while, through the Morrison-*Pravda* exchanges and other similar developments, Russia was anxious to create the impression that Soviet policy had changed, in fact her policy remained as before—to break up alliances capable of resisting aggression and to sow distrust among the non-communist powers:

Too often we make the mistake of attributing profound ideas and rare subtlety to our adversary. At the moment I believe that uncertainty and confusion are greater in Moscow than in Washington. The men in the Kremlin would like to stop western rearmament, but they would not like to let go of their favourite weapon—the fear which they inspire. . . . Soothing words have scarcely more effect nowadays than threats, and the Kremlin is mixing both so that they cancel each other out. Stalin seemed very clever while he alone was playing a devilishly subtle game. At last the west has learned the rules, and despite recent disasters its hand has more trumps in it than the adversary's.



# Did You Hear That?

## THREE DELIGHTS OF THE MIDI

'WHEN YOU SEE the first olive trees', said COLIN WILLS in a Home Service talk, 'you know you are in the south: in the Midi. Olive trees shimmer in so many pictures of Provence, old pictures and modern, good and bad. They squat there brooding, or posture exotically, hang their silver heads or stretch their grey-green arms, strange things, half graceful, half grotesque. Or perhaps they just drift in the distance, coloured shadows on the red earth, a foil for the golden poplars or the tall cypresses that stand like fragments of midnight invading noonday.



Vineyards at Banyuls, with the Mediterranean in the distance; and (right) olive trees of the Alpes-Maritimes

French Tourist Office

In the olive groves of France the trees are the sort that have long narrow leaves, and the olives are fine, and the oil they press from the fruit is delicate and bland. Once they used to beat the fruit from the trees with sticks, but today they say that this damages both the fruit and the tree, and they gather the olives almost as carefully for the oil press as for the table.

'And then, the vines. Down the Rhone valley, with the brown river rushing through its gorges or sliding along between slopes of red earth and bronze-green foliage, I travelled often between hillsides patterned with vines. All the way to the Spanish border, to the Côte de Vermeil, where the Pyrenees fall away to the burning Mediterranean shore, the bare ochre of the landscape is threaded with the light green and the blue green of the vines. The wine of this region—though the bulk of it does not rival the great French wines, is something of a special and splendid character, and it has its names of renown—beginning in the north with Beaujolais of the Saône, going on by Avignon to the Château-neuf du Pape—the rich blood of the southern earth. There are few more pleasant forms of *vin ordinaire* than the Côtes de Provence, thinnish, tangy wines that are good to drink in the blazing heat of the southern summer. They make a classical pair, these two harvests of the south—the wine and the oil.

'The third delight of the Midi, in this field of the fruits of the earth, is the fruits of the orchards. I found it a great joy, coming from the north, to find myself once more in a country where grapes, peaches, oranges, lemons, all grow in the open, drawing rich flavour from the

earth and the sun, where the open market places of the towns are full of all these fruits and many more, sold not as rare expensive luxuries, but as anyone's daily purchase'.

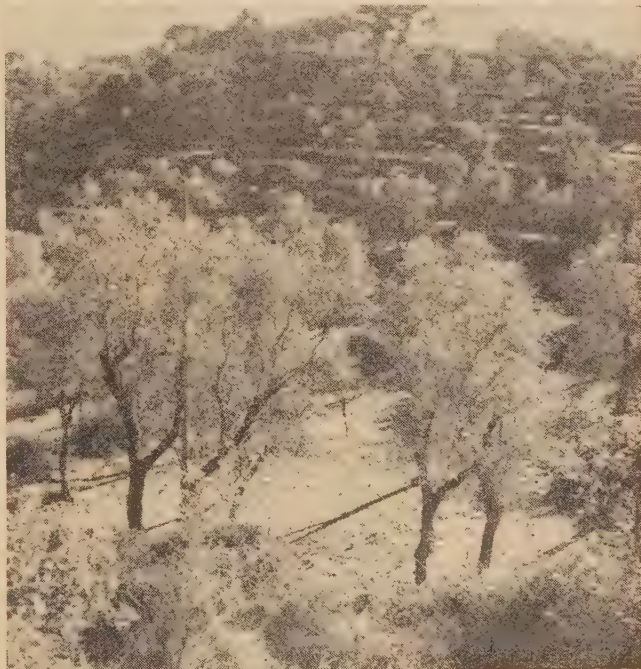
## BEEF FROM A 'DESERT'?

'The so-called Kalahari desert (in or near Bechuanaland)', explained Professor FRANK DEBENHAM in a Third Programme talk, 'is an area 600 miles long and 300 miles wide, running north-east and south-west with the tribal reserves on its eastern border, and divided by the large Makarikari salt-pan into a northern and a southern section. To the north-west there is, strangely enough, a region which actually has too much water, which we will call the Okavango Triangle. The Kalahari we are concerned with is almost uninhabited, an empty land.

'On the other hand, there are incredible numbers of game. They thrive on this sandy plateau either by finding sufficient moisture in the dewy grasses, as in the case of the springbok, or by migrating long distances to permanent water, as in the case of the elephant, giraffe, and other large game. This abundance of game is our cue to the possibility of ranching.

'Yet even putting the best face we can on this strange land we must admit that it is country in which it is all too easy to go wrong. What can one do with marginal country? Or, what is perhaps more important, what should one *not* do with marginal country? Answering the second question first, we have learned in parts of Australia and in parts of the western States of America that the wrong thing to do is to allow private ranchers to overstock the land, take quick profits and go elsewhere, and so create the conditions for a dust bowl and possibly even a desert. The alternative, if marginal land must be used, is to use it in very large blocks under a single management, which can apply the safeguards against these dangers. This general plan of development is what the Colonial Development Corporation had in view when they sent missions to the Kalahari to investigate on the spot.

'Obviously the first thing was to ensure that adequate water could be found. That meant finding it underground by boring. For the area to the north of the Makarikari salt-pan this has been done, and we are now reasonably sure that the comparatively small amount of water required for stock can be got from within 200 feet of the surface over most of that area. Such water-points are very liable to be the focus of erosion and therefore each should be made at the corner of three





or more paddocks so that the stock can be rotated to prevent such disasters. Paddocks mean fencing, a far too expensive item for the ordinary private rancher.

'The next question is the adequacy of the feed. In the Kalahari the rains produce most amazing grasses, as good as anywhere in the world, but they dry up in the dry season and are then very liable to be burnt by grass fires or even consumed by the ubiquitous white ant. Consequently the cattle must have an alternative food for as much as four months or more out of the twelve. The first alternative is the large number of browse-shrubs already there, while the second is the expensive one of making hay and feeding it more or less by hand. It is this factor of seasonal grass that compelled the mission to recommend the precaution that at the outset the stocking capacity must be reckoned as low as forty acres for one beast. With food and water assured we have gone some way towards a project, but many less fundamental factors might well turn out to be as vital in the end. One of these is the possibility of disease. The worst cattle diseases are carried by ticks, and the preventive is regular dipping, which in itself is somewhat expensive. There will be some losses from lions, leopards and hyenas, but these will lessen as they are warned off or killed off. Perhaps the greatest danger is the temptation, so difficult to resist, of trying to go too fast'.

### CHAWTON REVISITED

JANET DUNBAR recently revisited Chawton, the village where Jane Austen lived. 'We approached Chawton by way of Alton', she said in a talk in the Home Service, 'a bustling little country town, ending in a tree-lined road which Jane Austen must have known well, for it was her nearest town. And here was Chawton, with newly-thatched cottages at the beginning of the village street, and the wooded slopes round Chawton House—the Great House, as it was so often called—rising up to the left. I called there first: a beautiful old house standing high in its park at the end of a broad drive. The owner is still a Mr. Edward Knight, a direct descendant of Jane Austen's brother Edward, who took the name of Knight when he inherited Chawton House and its lands from a cousin. It was Edward who invited his mother and sisters to make their home at Chawton Cottage after the death of his father.

'The present Mr. Knight showed me the high, panelled rooms which Jane Austen must have visited often, for she was a great favourite with the many nieces and nephews who filled the house. I walked round the lawns and gardens, and asked Mr. Knight about the auction of which I had read. Oh, that had been mostly concerned with some cottages which had been sold to their existing tenants. So I need not have been afraid. Chawton was very much the same as I had remembered it. There were some changes, of course, the beginnings of a new housing estate, but that was tucked away off the road. It was still a very country village. I met the Rector; he showed me his eighteenth-century rectory, and told me that the Rector in Jane Austen's time had been a bachelor, and there was evidence that there may have been a romance between him and Jane. There was an old pewter garden-pot in the garden exactly like one at her cottage.

'Chawton Cottage itself was not at all the place I had remembered. Here, on the corner, was a square house with plain lines, and white-framed windows setting off the old red brick of its walls. Over a low wall at the side I could see the garden, bright with flowers—old-fashioned flowers, the kind the Austens used to grow themselves. It was as if the house had peeled off a skin, and looked now just as it must have done when Miss Austen lived there. I was told that the transformation had been achieved through the devotion of a number of people, lovers of Jane Austen's works, who had formed a society—the Jane Austen Society they call it—in order to preserve Chawton Cottage. The house itself had been bought by Edward Carpenter, the

author; he had given it to the Society as a memorial to his soldier son. But the house has not become a museum piece, for all its careful and loving restoration; it has been lived in ever since Jane Austen's day. One room—the old drawing-room—has been reserved as a place where things connected with the great writer could be displayed: some of the furniture that had been at Steventon, her former home in Hampshire, is there; the small writing-desk which she had probably used; and a patchwork quilt; and there is also a lock of her hair, which had come into the possession of an American lady but was now in the collection'.

### MOSCOW STREET NAMES

'I want to talk to you about Moscow street names', said DON DALLAS in 'Mainly for Women', 'because when I was in the Soviet capital I found a study of them rather fascinating. They illustrate the contrast

between the old and the new that is with you all the time in this big rambling city which has often been called "an overgrown village" because it is set down in the midst of the Russian countryside and you never quite know where city ends and country begins.

'Many of them have the old Russian names that have nothing whatever to do with the Revolution: others of course have been renamed to commemorate Soviet leaders or Soviet achievements. Just outside Moscow's inner boulevard ring and not far from Arbat Square is a group of interestingly named streets. They include Table Lane, Bread Lane, Tablecloth Lane, and Knife Lane. A number of British diplomats have apartments in Tablecloth Lane; Skatny Pereulok is the actual Russian name. The lane got its name because tablecloths were manufactured there before the Revolution. So,

too, knives were at one time manufactured in Nozhevoi Pereulok—Knife Lane, while Khlebnyy Pereulok—or Bread Lane—was where many of the bakers had their residences. The American Embassy now rents one house in this lane.

'Moscow used to have a Street of God's Old House and a Street of God's New House. Up to 1746 the Russian Orthodox Church maintained a poor house, and it was the custom to bring the bodies of people killed in street accidents and not identified to this poor house, where they were buried in the grounds. The poor house came to be known as God's House and the street was named after it. When later a new street was built nearby it received the name God's New House Street, and the old one became God's Old House Street. Since the Revolution, Stari Bozhedomka—the old street—has been renamed Durov Street after a well-known trainer of circus animals. But God's New House Street still has its original name—or did up to the time I left Moscow at the end of 1949.

'A Russian named Sytin, who is an expert on old Moscow, told the story of another old Moscow street, Zatsëpa, in a newspaper article. He said that in the period from 1683 to 1718 the Zemlianoi Val, literally "earth mound", district of the city served as the customs border of Moscow. The customs offices were situated by the gates leading into the city. Now in the old days contraband was often carried in carts loaded with hay. The customs officers used to take their time inspecting the carts and at most times of the day there was a long line of carts waiting. Little shops, taverns and bars sprang up by the roadside in front of the city gates to cater for the cart drivers during their long wait. The Russian customs officers had special weapons with which to search for the proverbial needle in the haystack. They were long poles with hooks at the end, and with them the customs men used to poke and prod the hay on top of the carts. The Russian word for "hook-up" is *zatsëpa* and that was the name given to this street that has survived throughout the centuries. The Russian name for the long pole the officers used was *schipok*, and a street leading off Zatsëpa was named Schipok Street'.



The drawing-room at Chawton Cottage, Jane Austen's home from 1809 to 1817: in the photograph can be seen the writing-desk which she probably used



# A Fire, a Flood, and the Price of Meat

By HENRY GREEN

SINCE the last war no more than three things of note have occurred in the pub I use at lunchtime near my office and these were: the chimney fire; the time our butcher got upset, dashed out to fetch his daybook which he read aloud, in a terrible voice, to give the prices he had been paying back in 1938; and last, most significant of all, the time the cistern in the Gent's overflowed, flooding out the floor.

I am entirely serious when I say I hope to show how these happenings, especially the last mentioned, had, on those present, an effect similar to that which occurs between a writer and his reader in a book. I hope also to show what lessons the prudent writer should draw from such occurrences, and at the same time I aim to explain my own attitude, because things are getting more complicated these days and I, for one, feel that it is for the writer to explain himself, now, a little.

I was a fireman in the war so you can judge of my incredulous delight to hear the old roar in the chimney, and to realise, as I entered the bar at midday, that I was to enjoy the most enviable moment of all to any ex-fireman, a nice little job in someone else's chimney, with the unimaginable pleasure thrown in of watching a crew one isn't on, go through the absurd motions of putting a chimney out. I should, perhaps, explain that chimney fires are seldom dangerous if seen to by professionals, always provided that they are not abandoned before they are well and truly out. And when is a fire out? Only what we used to call a bull's-eye, that is to say, the last glowing ember, knows.

Well, the guv'nor of this pub, as I entered, was rather white about the gills, his hired help watched with wooden faces, but I knew, and they knew—we didn't have to say anything—that in three minutes he would have to dial the old 999, and the beauty of it all was, I realised, that what we used to call the attendance, which means the particular station to be ordered on, would inevitably be from my own fire station. As, indeed, it turned out; I knew everyone on the crew, had gone along with them on many a moonlit night in London in 1940. Well, they put this small job out. They made no mess, the customers, after a first small excitement, even seemed to grow a bit bored. We, the customers, had not been sent outside, things were not serious enough for that, and my old mates, under the eye of an officer, just recognised me by little nods and winks. It was, the whole show, still intensely enjoyable for me, of course. But the other customers, the beer, the traditional port-and-lemon drinkers, obviously saw nothing more.

Catching this remark fairly made my morning for me, the use of the word 'guv', and the reference, in almost reverential tones, to the roof being safe when I suppose there is no fireman who 'went through the blitz', as I and all these men had, who could not call to mind at least one occasion on which he had almost been blown off a high one by high explosive. And 'guv' used to be one of our happier jokes. How often in those days did I hear the injunction given by an officer, an old London Fire Brigade man — 'lad, don't never call nobody "guv"', not below the rank of —, I forget the rank which rated this title, but it was more than nice to hear the phrase again.



'Guv', the customer in a pub may say with a world of feeling in his voice, if the server looks to be that kind of man, 'Guv, a pint of wallop, quick', and if the server should be that sort of a man, he'll put one up as though he had reason to know you needed it, sympathetically. Not so with the writer when he serves the dish to his reader. Things, for him, are decidedly more complicated. As with the audience in that pub, who did not know you should never call an officer 'guv' unless he was above a certain rank, so, with his reader, the writer cannot use too much material that has to be explained. If he does, I suspect he will bore his audience, just as these people in our pub got bored with our fire once they saw nothing in the officer being reassured about an easy roof.

And now to my second example, our butcher on present-day meat prices. I must here say a word on his audience, that is, about the

A part in every chimney fire is played by a fireman on the roof. He may drop a loose brick down the chimney, or more likely he will play water down it, but anyway one of them always gets up there. It was this man, whom I knew well, who came below and said to the officer in my hearing, 'Would you like to come up and have a look at it, guv, the roof's quite easy'.

people who use the pub at midday. They do not seem so well known to each other as do those regulars who forgather in the other house I patronise at night. Possibly this is accounted for, in the daytime in a business district, by there being so many casual customers at noon. And even the morning regulars have to work, so that their jobs may keep them from attending always at the same hour each day. Anyway when I first noticed our butcher that morning, dressed, as he always is, with the apron of his trade and the old straw hat, he was in a dispute, with a man I did not recognise, about today's meat prices. It is a subject I know nothing about and I did not pay much attention, nor, so far as I could then judge, did anyone else. Yet all of a sudden, with a great cry of 'I'll show you, wait till I get my books', our butcher fairly ran out of the place to his shop next door, and I could tell from the discreet smiles all around that most of us had in fact been listening, and that this someone had been having the butcher on. In other words, if these two had collaborated in a book, they had their readers' interest. The thing was suddenly alive that morning in the saloon bar; there was tension, attention, and amusement. What author could hope, or plan, for more?





The butcher was back in a moment with a ledger open in his hand. It dated back to 1938, he said, and contained a record of his purchases, with the prices he had paid. He began to read these out in a loud voice. Then, at once, the whole atmosphere in the pub changed. Everyone listened openly, and, so I thought, with disbelief. You might say it had suddenly become a semi-political meeting. In a great voice, one hand above his head, as though taking the oath, our butcher read out, 'a side of beef', which he told us weighed so many stone, then he explained how many pounds weight go to a stone, and then with great ease and rapidity he told the company how much a pound that made, and said, 'There you are, then'. A man cried out, 'Go on!' 'It's right', the butcher yelled, 'all here in my book', and so brought his hand down from over his head to lick a thumb, to turn another page.

### The Interest Rises

He gave one example after another, he took us straight through the dismembered carcase of an ox. His remarks on how cheap everything had been in those days did not seem to be disbelieved. Rather his audience appeared as though about to give up listening; what some call the good, and others the bad, old days, sounded remote that morning. Perhaps our butcher sensed this. Suddenly he turned to poultry and then, because it was near Christmas, to turkeys. A blind man, if he had been present, would, I swear, have sensed the immediate rise in interest again. Even I knew how cheap the price in 1938 sounded. Encouraged by this perhaps, the butcher, stretching his free hand above his head, no longer extended the fingers into a sort of salute; no, whilst he dealt with turkeys, he closed the four fingers on his thumb while his recitation rose, then opened them again when he allowed his great voice to fall. It was a performance. But at once I was again conscious of a drop in interest, although the *gub'nor* of this pub began to insert comment now and then, to encourage his very good customer, our butcher. And it was now that the butcher's assistant, a man, he tells us, of seventy-five, but who looks, I swear, a good twenty years younger, came to the glass door, and beckoned to his *gub'nor*, the butcher, who left at once. This assistant is always calling him away all morning. None of us, officially, knows why. The butcher is always back in no more than the time one would think it would take to serve one customer. He was away on this occasion just that short while. Yet, when he did come in again, what spell there was had gone. And he did not try to start afresh, but fell back on a dignified silence.

The third occurrence in our pub, the truly remarkable one, also concerned the butcher, but not so directly. It was remarkable because it held the interest of all present for as long as I could spend on that particular morning in the saloon bar. It also had the quality of every good book ever written, it challenged the attention at once, held this and drew all the modest drinkers present into a communion of people, each, in his own way, equally interested in what would happen next.

After describing what did happen, I propose to end with a suggestion why it was significant, and why it appeared to me to have a lesson for writers. Because, as I crossed the busy street, which constitutes a peril every time I leave this public house, I had no idea what lay in wait behind those two swing doors through which we, the customers, one and all have to leave and enter. Because, when I pushed through the last one of these, I came on a meandering stream of water all over the floor, the drinkers keeping their feet out, although it was not more than an eighth-of-an-inch deep. There had been a leak somewhere, and in a stream the water was wandering in rivulets not more than six inches across all over the place; you could see them flowing from the specks of dust advancing with them, that only occasionally joined, at a bulge, into the body of the water before.

There was only one dry patch of any size, and this was occupied, at full stretch, by the Alsatian dog. As was only natural, I halted. I came up short on being faced with this extension of the English winter, within doors. To get across to the bar seemed, for a moment, almost to involve paddling. It was at that instant I caught sight of the butcher. In his traditional get up he was watching me intently, a thing, so far as I know, he had never done before. And so was the rest of the audience. When someone eventually came in, after me, I realised this was not personal. We were all waiting to hear what the latest arrival would do, or say, about the flood.

What my own first exclamation was I no longer remember. And it may, or may not, be significant, that I can recollect hardly anyone's spoken reaction to this floor. Instead, I do call to mind, on every face,

as its bearer entered, a look of ludicrous dismay. Meantime, the audience in the pub stayed attentive and silent, studying each new arrival's reactions. But when, on my own entry, I had pulled myself together, I did remark to the butcher, who was watching me so intently and whom I had never in my life addressed before, I did say something to the effect that 'I thought at first all this was to do with you', I said. A flicker of genuine annoyance seemed to cross his face at this. 'No', he replied with dignity. 'There's a leak they can't manage to stop out there in the cistern, so it's overflowed'.

When I had got my pint, and picked my way over to where I always sit, I watched the Alsatian which lay with pricked ears, head sideways, on the largest patch of dry floor, a dog which was obviously, from its twitching nose, anxiously regarding the flow of water, at eye level. Then the animal got up and sniffed the small flow before lying down again. At that, the butcher's elderly assistant entered, obviously, this time, for a drink, because he did not beckon to his master. He made no remark on the state of the flood. He looked in a grave way at his feet. And the butcher said, almost sternly, in what was a put-on educated tone of voice; he said, 'Have you had your meal?' 'An' very nice, too', the assistant answered. There was a pause. Then he demanded of the floor, 'What's this?' Upon which we all, as though at a signal, burst out discreetly laughing. 'I thought for a minute it was something to do with you', the butcher challenged him, borrowing from me, and then someone fresh came in, and got the floor. So it went on, with not a dull moment, until I left to go back to work.

To examine those round us in an experience, is to learn the little we know about human nature. I do not refer to 'crowd psychology', and do not mean to stick my neck out in attempting a definition of what may constitute a crowd. But, the thing about the flood in our pub was, everyone became so enthralled that no one even discussed it, each one was too busy waiting for the next customer to come in. Some would talk it over afterwards, no doubt, as I am doing now; as readers will, after they have read a good book. Yet they had discussed the fire in the first stages of its being put out, while, when the butcher was on the price of turkeys, people had grown quite heated in their comment, but only for a while. Then, when their attention was really engaged, they stayed silent, and the reason behind it is, I think—I do not know—that they became, by the flood, interested in the people round them, and, more important still, were interested in themselves as well.

### What Makes You Read?

How much do you, as readers, think about yourselves as you get through a novel? When I was very young, I did. When six or seven years old I of course knew nothing, had done nothing, and identified myself with all the characters. Up to a point I still do. And how many of you come to read novels out of your curiosity in other people's experience, either in the author's experience or in that of his characters? What makes you read? I submit that the act of reading consists very much of what went to make up the flood water scene in my saloon bar. As we, each in our turn, went up to order drinks, we were not comparing this unexpected occurrence with another. It seemed to me that everyone was shocked into an acute awareness of himself or herself, and of his or her audience. And a reader's audience, in a novel, is, of course, the characters that make up the book, that go to make it live, if it does live.

I said earlier there had seemed to exist, on this last occasion, a sort of communion between the people in our bar. And the reason for the existence of this must be, I think—I do not know—just amusement. There can be few readers entirely without a sense of humour, so, let's have more humour. In any case, everyone, as in the pub, has an acute sense of the ridiculous where he or she is concerned, and a sense of the ridiculous does very well for me in novels; in fact, I often find there is not enough of it.

And so, what I have tried to show here is, not how to put the mechanics of written communication over on a reader, but rather I have tried to show the sort of experience I, as a writer, have been allowed to witness, in life, by which people would seem to be drawn together, as into a book. All I hope, in life, is that such people may turn out to be readers!—*Third Programme*

*Clerihews Complete* (Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d.) contains the 'definitive collection' of over a hundred of Mr. E. Clerihew Bentley's four-line humorous or satirical verses which are known and have been accepted into the language as 'clerihews'. The book has illustrations by G. K. Chesterton, Victor Reinganum and Nicolas Bentley.



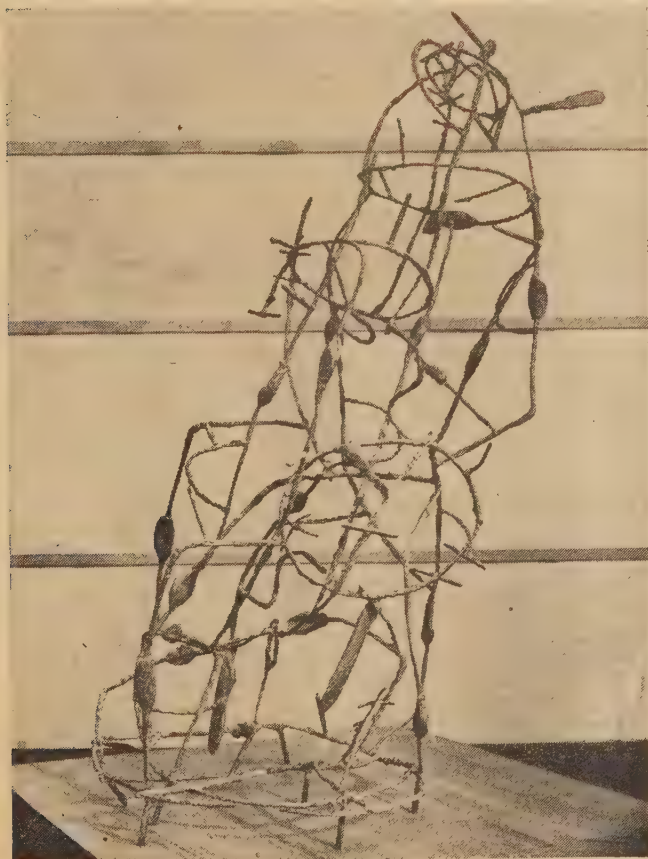
# Contemporary Sculpture

By A. D. B. SYLVESTER

**T**HE younger generation of English artists is unusually rich in sculptors. At the Slade School, the percentage of sculptors among the students is double what it was before the war: one out of every four Diploma candidates in 1950 took sculpture as his main subject. And a surprising number of new sculptors have started to exhibit during the last five years: Reg Butler, Robert Adams, Richard Huws, Chadwick, Turnbull, Paolozzi, and Chattaway, among others.

I cannot try to discuss these artists as if they constituted a movement: their aims are too diverse. And there would not be any point in discussing them all individually, because most of them have yet to evolve a clearly-defined artistic personality. The exceptions are Reg Butler and Eduardo Paolozzi. So they will have to represent our younger sculptors for my present purpose, which is to compare them with our leading senior sculptor, Henry Moore. But, before I can do this, I must try to outline the four conceptions which have given rise to the principal developments in twentieth-century sculpture.

Cubism is the most important of these conceptions. Cubism, Picasso has said, is 'an art dealing primarily with forms'. The Cubist seeks to define the three-dimensional form of things as fully and precisely as he can. And he will do this at the expense, if necessary, of ignoring or distorting all their other, less permanent, properties, physical and psychological. Since he wants to set down a complete, all-round idea of the structure of things, he brings together in a single image a series of different views of the same object or group of objects. In this way,



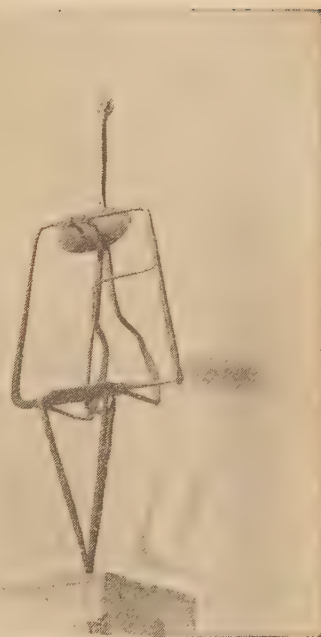
'The Cage', by Eduardo Paolozzi, commissioned by the Arts Council

he makes the face and the profile, the inside and the outside of things simultaneously visible. As a result, the continuous surface, the 'skin', of objects is broken up; and sometimes the relative positions of their parts are rearranged. This happens in both painting and sculpture in the Cubist style. Now, the fact that Cubist painting shows things as if they were seen from all round means that it steals some of sculpture's thunder. Which may explain why Cubist sculpture developed more slowly than Cubist painting; why, for instance, the early sculptures and reliefs of Henri Laurens are so much

like paintings, being coloured and very shallow and often having a still-life as their subject. On the other hand, sculpture is far better equipped than painting to show the inside and outside of things simultaneously. With this aim in view, the volumes of certain Cubist sculptures are hollowed out or pierced with voids. The hollows and voids reveal the depth of a form, connect its near side to its far side, show what happens inside it, how its interior and exterior are related. By this means, the three-dimensional structure of things is rendered visible.

The Cubists' obsession with structure involves a profound concern with the structure of the work of art as a thing-in-itself. They want it to be a unified, coherent and satisfying piece of architecture before it is an image. That is why they have used geometric shapes, though a work can, of course, be Cubist without being geometric. (It was not the Cubists themselves who gave their style its rather absurd name.) This desire to create a harmonious architecture has had its effect on the technique of certain Cubist sculptors, such as Picasso, Gonzales, and, until 1921, Laurens. These artists, being preoccupied with the construction of their works, came naturally upon the idea of constructing them, of building them up—not in malleable messy clay, but in sections of metal or wood, as if they were assembling a prefabricated house. This technique of construction, moreover, is admirably suited to making the 'open' sculpture which I have described. Nowhere have voids and concaves been used with such daring as in Picasso's iron constructions; conversely, Laurens abandoned construction as a technique at the time he stopped making open sculpture.

The second of our four conceptions is not the product of a movement but of a single artist, Constantin Brancusi. He formed it, in reaction against the expressionism of his teacher, Rodin, just before Cubism was born. Like the Cubists, Brancusi insists on the need of a work of art to be a thing-in-itself before it is an image. But his forms are utterly different from theirs. Most of his sculptures consist of a single simple shape, refined and polished with infinite patience. And these shapes are neither open nor geometric: they are closed and compact and organic; they are ovoid, like the egg, that ageless symbol of regeneration. Brancusi, moreover, is a carver first and foremost, whereas the Cubists generally construct or model their sculptures. His preference



'Waiting Woman', by Reg Butler (1948)



for carving links up with his belief that he brings to light a form lying hidden in the material. This notion of a mystical correspondence between form and material has been perhaps the most influential of Brancusi's ideas.

### Architecture in Miniature

Now, Brancusi's works are usually representational in intention; they have titles like 'Bird in Space', 'The Fish', 'The New-born'. Nevertheless, their main interest lies in their sleek perfection as objects. It was, therefore, perhaps, inevitable that he should have inspired a number of sculptors to create forms similar to his which are not meant to represent anything in the external world. One of these is Barbara Hepworth: compare her titles with Brancusi's—'Helicoids in Sphere', 'Biolith', 'Contrapuntal Forms'. Another group of sculptors have used the forms of Cubism divested of their representational element: the Constructivists. It seems to me that all these abstract sculptors have turned the architectural preoccupations of Brancusi and the Cubists into a cult. They have tried to make sculpture a sort of architecture in miniature, forgetting that architectural beauty resides in the organisation of a space which human beings can inhabit.

The genesis of Cubism and of Brancusi's art dates from the years immediately preceding the first world war. Our third conception, Surrealism, originated in the nineteen-twenties. André Breton, the theorist of Surrealism, has said: 'A tomato is also a child's balloon—surrealism . . . having suppressed the word "like"'. Surrealism has done this by creating free organic forms which evoke two objects or more and so suggest that one of those objects could be transformed into another—that a metamorphosis is possible. If a single form can be a tomato and a child's balloon, then these objects are interchangeable; they are no longer *like* each other, they *are* each other. This irrational identification of unlike objects can be all the more telling in sculpture than in painting, because a sculpture is itself an object. To put it another way: there is an added piquancy in denying the laws of logic while conforming, as sculpture cannot help doing, with the laws of physics. The leading Surrealist sculptor is Jean Arp, whose 'Hybrid Fruit called Pagoda' can be seen at present in Battersea Park.

It is often said that Arp stands on the borderline between Surrealism and abstract art. But it seems to me that the poetry of his full, rounded, serpentine forms lies, not in their abstract beauty, but in their evocative power—in their resemblance to parts of a woman's body and their suggestion that these could become fruits or lunar mountains or snow-formations. Arp's sinuous shapes have served as models for many other Surrealists; but some have preferred shapes more pointed and angular. Alberto Giacometti is one of these. Giacometti, however, is important less for his contribution to Surrealism than as the author of our fourth conception. This conception was born in the early 'thirties. Today it is probably the most dynamic of the four.

Giacometti is preoccupied with the articulation of the human figure in space—the way in which a figure, standing or moving, holds together and sets up a balance of directions. He therefore, so to speak, dehydrates the figure into a sort of skeleton or framework which conveys the essentials of its movement or stance. Sometimes he makes it clear that the figure inhabits space by placing one or more of them within a cage-like frame that serves as an atmospheric box. But when this box is not actually there, we are made to imagine its presence by the thrust of slender forms—in space. In Giacometti's art, the spaces between things are as sharp and real as the things themselves. Until 1935, Giacometti's representations of the human figure were frankly constructions in metal or wood, and made no concessions to natural appearances. His later sculptures, such as the 'Pointing Man' in the Tate, are far more naturalistic, though scarcely less slender. But this does not mean that his conception has changed. The naturalism is simply a means of giving his work a greater conviction, a more explicit humanity.

Three of the four conceptions I have mentioned have helped to form the style of Henry Moore. At one time, Moore was a member of the Surrealist movement. And he still creates forms implying metamorphoses. These are undulating forms akin to those of Arp. But their evocations, apart from the human anatomy, are very different: reptiles and morlocks and desiccated bones.

In the handling of his materials, Moore has followed the example of Brancusi (he, too, is essentially a carver). He has pursued Brancusi's doctrine of 'truth to material'. He shares Brancusi's love of grained materials and smooth, polished surfaces. Only, his forms are not monolithic and compact: they are complex, and they are full of voids and concaves. Look at his 'Reclining Figures' in the South Bank Exhibi-

tion and the Tate Gallery. Their open forms—or 'opened-out' forms, as Moore prefers to call them—clearly place them in the Cubist tradition. As a matter of fact, the way Moore uses holes and hollows probably owes less to Cubist art than to his study of shells and pebbles. But he began to look at shells and pebbles just after he came into contact with Picasso's figures on the beach of the late 'twenties. And these figures have had a great and lasting influence on his opened-out sculpture. But his vision is very different from that of the Cubists. They conceive open sculpture as a construction in space. Moore conceives it as solid form that has been tunnelled into—hence his invention of the phrase 'opened-out sculpture'. If Moore's point of departure is the solid form, it may be because he thinks of tunnels and concaves in sculpture as vehicles for the play of light and shadow on form. Certainly, it is the chiaroscuro of his opened-out sculptures that invests them with a drama possessed by no other works of their kind.

The various modern continental conceptions that have influenced Moore have touched only the superstructure of his art—and then, only of part of his art, the part that is not naturalistic. Its foundations remain his first loves—the medieval effigies in Yorkshire churches, the frescoes of Masaccio, and, above all, the Aztec idol called the Chac-mool: the posture and forms of this statue are echoed in all his countless reclining figures, whatever their variations of idiom or mood. Moore, then, is an extremely eclectic artist. In his work diverse influences have been fused and reconciled by the power of a highly personal imagination. But he has never been a great formal innovator. The artist who takes the forms of others and makes them his own is a law unto himself. He cannot have followers, only imitators. That is why the most interesting of our younger sculptors are those who have reacted against Moore.

Reg Butler has had to struggle hard to emerge from Moore's shadow. Butler is generally known as a sculptor in forged iron. But until three years ago he worked in bronze, lead and wood, and so long as he did so was an imitator of Moore. Still, it would be unfair to say that he escaped by the expedient of adopting a technique guaranteed to produce forms unlike Moore's. For his earlier works, even when they most resemble Moore's, are linear and buoyant where Moore's are massive and ponderous. This implies that Butler's temperament always was that of a sculptor in iron, a sculptor who erects airy constructions of lines and planes.

### Fantasies in Iron

Butler's works in iron are generally single standing figures. They are in the Cubist tradition of open sculpture, and have derived a good deal from two large standing figures in iron which Picasso constructed around 1930—not just because these are in iron; other sculptors have used the medium, but because Butler's works resemble their stance and their way of contrasting a tight concentration of forms with a suddenly projecting limb or a calm area of space. Now, these Picassos, like those of a slightly earlier period which have influenced Moore, represent Cubism at its most expressionistic and fantastic. It is doubtless significant that Moore and Butler alike have been affected by Cubism when it has taken this fantastic form; that no English sculptor has brought to maturity a pure and classic Cubist style. And, leaving influences aside, fantasy is the mainspring of Butler's art. His small iron sculptures are like insects with human personalities, and it is this absurd analogy that gives them their wit and pathos and vitality. When the scale of Butler's work approaches human stature, this allusion to insect life disappears, and his work is all the poorer for it. In his larger works, he seeks to crystallise more specific human personalities. He has stated that the life-size group lately commissioned from him by the Arts Council was intended to be a portrait of a particular boy and girl. As a portrait, it is no better than a caricature on an embarrassingly large scale, for its structure is slack and it lacks precision in its rendering of movement. These defects make nonsense of the notion that Butler is related to Giacometti. Giacometti is a master of incisive statement, fanatically and wonderfully economical in his means. Butler's sculptures are elaborated by a wealth of intricate detail which is structurally superfluous. This is not in itself a defect: the same can be said of Picasso's iron sculptures. Only, with Picasso this elaboration is vibrant with life and drama; with Butler it is merely fanciful and ornamental. And I myself do not find these weaknesses of Butler's larger works redeemed by the extraordinary richness and variety of their surface texture, although this bears witness to a technical virtuosity that is quite uncanny.

Eduardo Paolozzi, a Scot of Italian origin, is a much younger man than Butler—twenty-seven as against thirty-eight. The problem of escaping from Moore's influence has never troubled him, because he



has by-passed Moore from the outset. Picasso is another matter. The period which has influenced Paolozzi is that of 'Guernica'. A couple of the studies for the horse's head in this picture were literally prototypes for the series of Cubist 'Horse's Heads' which Paolozzi modelled in plaster or cement in 1946-47. At the same time, there is a serene monumentality in these heads that is altogether foreign to Picasso's expressionism. In any case, it was not long before his allegiance changed. In the summer of 1947 he went to live in Paris. There he saw the commemorative exhibition of Paul Klee and was able to study Klee's later paintings for the first time. From these he discovered how to compose a drawing, a relief, a sculpture which has no focal point—which holds together, not by means of an architectural order, but through the organic interdependence of its parts. Paolozzi has used this method of composition, not only in plaster reliefs, but in bronze sculptures, some of them in the shape of a sort of spiral cage, others consisting of a number of forms like cacti mounted on a platform. While the casual air of these compositions could hardly fail to charm us, it could also make them too haphazard. They are redeemed from this by a sense of organic life which renders their absence of order analogous to nature's.

The forms which Paolozzi brings together in this way suggest an astonishing wealth of natural life. The 'Cage' which he recently made for the Arts Council even conjures up a flock of birds rising into the air. The metamorphic implications of his forms place Paolozzi in the tradition of Surrealism. But the forms themselves owe nothing to any previous artist. He has found them by looking at plants and cacti, insects and crustaceans, skeletons of fishes and whales; and at those poignant primitive aircraft in the Science Museum. Paolozzi does not try to invest these shapes with a human personality. Indeed he scarcely imposes a pattern of any kind upon them. He has a flair for picking out unexploited motifs rich in lyrical and evocative possibilities, and on his instinctive sense of what subtle additions and subtractions are needed to bring their promise to fruition. He has the gift which in a gardener is called 'green fingers'.

The limitations of Paolozzi's art are all too obvious. It hints rather than states; it lacks tension and it lacks human content; it depends too much on an infallible taste. But I would say that Paolozzi is the only artist in this country today who scatters magical images as a duck swims or a bird sings.—*Third Programme*

## Architecture in a Scientific Age\*

By WALTER GROPIUS

WHEN I was a boy, my family was living in a city apartment with open gas-jets, individual coal-heated stoves in each room, including the bathroom, where warm water was heated for the bath each Saturday: that took two hours. There was no electric street car, no automobile, no aeroplane. Radio, film, gramophone, X-ray, telephone were non-existent.

The mental climate which prevailed in the 'eighties and 'nineties was still more or less of a static character. It rotated around a seemingly unshakable conception of the eternal truths. But rapidly this conception has been fading away, changing into that of a world of incessant transmutation, of the relativity of all its phenomena. The sum of all these changes took place during the last half century of industrial development, and this achieved a more sweeping transformation of human life than all of the centuries since Jesus Christ combined.

This whirlwind leaves many bewildered and lost, unhappy or with ruined nerves; but, as the great avalanche of progress in science and philosophy is rolling on at a tearing pace, we had better look out for the best means of bracing ourselves against the inevitable repercussions. What we obviously need to bring salvation to our shaky world is reorientation on the cultural level. For ideas are omnipotent. The spiritual trend of human development has always been guided by the thinker, the poet, the artist, whose creations are beyond expediency. Their prophetic anticipation has forced even powerful statesmen and mighty businessmen to follow their vision, as we find to be true throughout all history. But the influence of the thinker and the artist could not have become effective if the people had been indolent and unresponsive. Only if the people were spontaneously ready to receive those seeds of an indigenous new culture could these take hold and spread. Only if every facet of public life was finally permeated by the new creative forces could the general attitude begin to reflect the social integrity indispensable for cultural growth.

A few generations ago society was still such a balanced entity, giving everyone his place and honouring the established habits of the people. Art and architecture developed organically as legitimate parts of the people's life in accordance with the slow growth of civilisation. Society was all of a piece. Then, with the advent of the age of science, with the discovery of the machine, society went rapidly to pieces. The means have outgrown man. Instead of striving for leadership through taking moral initiative, modern man has developed a kind of gallup-poll mentality, a mechanistic conception relying on quantity instead of quality and yielding to expediency instead of building up a new faith.

Is this an attack on science? Certainly not—that would be futile and stupid. We can never have enough of science. But it has thrown us out of balance and this balance must be re-established. In its rapid march science has overshadowed other components which are indispensable for the balance of human life. Look at today's universities. We say the

arts and sciences. Well, science has everything; full information and complete facilities for developing inventiveness. But the arts? Studying other men's poetry and musical composition, appreciating art, doing drafting board architecture instead of making poetry, composing new music, creating art and building architecture. You certainly would not call this century the Century of Art. No, it is the Century of Science. The artist is the forgotten man, almost ridiculed and undervalued as being a superfluous luxury member of society. Art is considered to be something which was accomplished centuries ago and is now being stored up in our museums from which we may tap as much as is needed. As science has promised the real thing to our materialistic period, art is doomed to languish. What so-called civilised nation today honestly promotes creative art as a substantial part of its life?

I believe that this disintegrated society badly needs as a remedy participation in the arts as an essential counterpart to science and to its atomistic effect on us. Made into an educational discipline—of which, maybe, the Bauhaus was a beginning—it will lead to the unity of visible manifestations as the very basis of culture, embracing everything from a simple chair to the house of worship. The artist, by his nature, has the stuff to be a whole man, keeping doing and thinking in balance. Every one of us has to a greater or lesser degree innate artistic qualities with which to achieve that balance, if only our educational systems would sufficiently emphasise such balance and recognise the necessity of training simultaneously head and hand on all levels of education from the nursery on, to achieve harmony and dynamic equilibrium, to educate 'man in equipoise', as Siegfried Giedion has said. In our era of expediency and mechanisation it seems to me that the predominant educational task is to call forth creative habits; vocational skill should be a by-product only, a matter of course. The student's mind will become increasingly inventive when he is guided by sensorial as well as intellectual experiences. A programme of search rather than re-search keeps the mind creative. This inventive attitude will lead him from observation to discovery, and finally to intuition.

We certainly have recognised the essential value of the scientist today, but we are very little aware of the vital importance of the artist, or as we might call him, the creative designer who has to control the visible manifestations of our productive life. May I illuminate the present-day status by a telling example? Some time ago I found in the *New York Times* an article with the caption: 'United States Steel to mass produce House selling for Six Thousand Dollars including lot'. After going into all the commercial details of the house the article ended by saying: 'The Corporation spokesman explained that one of the major aims in marketing the new product would be to get away from monotony in the design, which has characterised many home colonies in the mass produced field. The design will be Colonial in character and will be varied by the use of different pastel colours and

\* A broadcast version of a lecture recently delivered before an audience in London



distinguished ornamental plaques and pilasters'. You will agree that this naive advertisement of one of the most potent industries is rather characteristic of the cultural impoverishment and utter helplessness of our generation in its attempt to make our physical surroundings beautiful. This example makes us realise all of a sudden that we in the States, at least, seem to be stuck with an irrelevant slipcover civilisation, as we might call it. The sense of beauty has turned into a timid and insipid attitude which dares to offer us an imitative cosmetic skin treatment as a substitute for a creatively conceived design which would grow, instead, from the very bones of an industrial product or a building. If we are ever to catch up with our runaway civilisation, industry in the building trade will have to make use of the essential value of higher quality through organic design in its broadest sense.

### Democracy, a System of Compromises

But much confusion has to be cleared. Art and science are seemingly as much of an antithesis as are the creeds of the various political governments in today's world. The gigantic political fight, of which we are participants today, centres on the human rights, the dignity of the individual who is unique by nature, who is not a standard product of complete equality. Between rugged individualism on one side and regimented collectivism by force on the other, a superior form of democracy is being developed. In its true form democracy is to be a system of compromises, of checks and balances, and under the acid test of being checked and rechecked by one's neighbours and friends, or by the participants of a team, the individual's stature grows under the voluntary collective process of democracy, and none of us is able to see the whole.

Our own opinion is enriched when we are challenged by other opinions. Our concept then broadens and we learn to include everything, to say 'and', instead of 'either—or'. If we analyse the character of the production of this world we find similar opposites at work in the struggle of the individual versus the mass mind. In contrast to the scientific process of mechanised multiplication by the machine, the artist's work consists of an unprejudiced search for the forms that symbolise the common phenomena of life and this requires that he take an independent, uninhibited view of our whole life process. His work is most essential for a true democracy, for he is the prototype of whole man. His intuitive qualities are the antidote against over-mechanisation. If mechanisation were an end in itself it would be an unmitigated calamity, robbing life of its fullness and variety by stunting men and women into sub-human, robot-like automatons. But in the last resort mechanisation can have only one object: to abolish the individual's physical toil of providing himself with the necessities of existence in order that hand and brain may be set free for some higher order of activity. Therefore our problem is to find the right balance and co-ordination between the artist or architect, the scientist and the business man. They together can create a humanised standard. In all the great epochs of history the existence of standards—that is, the conscious adoption of type-forms—has been the criterion of a polite and well-ordered society; for it is a commonplace that repetition of the same things for the same purposes exercises a settling and civilising influence on men's minds. But mere machine repetition certainly does not by itself create a standard, for rationalisation, which many people imagine to be the cardinal principle of present design, is really only its purifying agency. The satisfaction of the human psyche is just as important as the fulfilment of material requirements.

The true standard product worthy of a balanced democracy will function both materially and emotionally. It is the result of a long process combining a maximum of ingenuity contributed by many individuals with the best and most economical technical means of mechanisation. The mechanised process of the machines has to be constantly enlivened by creative action, that is, by the artist. Then standardisation will not be an impediment to the development of culture, but on the contrary, one of its immediate prerequisites. A standard may then be defined as that simplified practical thing in general use, as a chair or a house, which embodies a fusion of the best of its anterior forms—a fusion preceded by the elimination of the arbitrary or whimsical and all otherwise ungeneric or non-essential features. Then the fear that individuality will be crushed by the 'tyranny' of standardisation will vanish.

The change in attitude which I was talking about has already started, but there is much to be done. There is still a wide gap between the industrialist on the one hand and the designer on the other. The designer or architect often fails to recognise sufficiently the impact of industrialisation and its technical and economic implications. The industrialist is often impatient, assuming that it is possible to make a design

before next Thursday, which will then embellish his product so that it will become a best-selling standard product. He sometimes still cherishes the notion that design is something to be added on, instead of an inherent quality which can result only from a laborious process through trial and error, in close collaboration with all concerned in its production. There is plenty of evidence that the success of an industrial product, simultaneously in the cultural, technical and economic fields, depends entirely on a balanced team-work between the designer, the scientist, the engineer, the market analyst and the salesman.

If the aim of true teamwork is to give the best possible service through closest integration of all the factors involved in manufacturing a product, then the professional work of each member of the team is of equal importance for the final result. Consequently, each member must be of equal rank, which makes for the specific technique of teamwork, 'implying collaboration and not direction—freedom of initiative, not the impress of authority', as Herbert Read has outlined it. That approach does not exclude the selection of a job captain by the team itself, as a *primus inter pares*, first among equals, whose task it is to control and schedule the processes of integration. The further development of team-work, I believe, will bring the artist, the designer, back into the fold of the community.

I thought it necessary to erect a frame of reference and take a definite position relative to it, so I tried to outline my own opinion of the political and cultural context to which I see contemporary architecture related. And I would like to try to make an appraisal of the status of our architectural profession to date. For our profession seems to be in a crisis on account of the all too fast transformation of all our human activities during this generation. In the mind of the average man, the architect still seems to belong to a luxury profession, which is called in if there is some extra money available for 'beautification'. He does not seem yet to be considered as essential for the building effort as the engineer and contractor. Small wonder then that over eighty per cent. of the buildings in the United States are built without an architect, and that the average member of the profession makes less than a bricklayer in the eastern States. This does not look too rosy.

The old conception of the *prima donna* architect, catering for wealthy clients and acting as their gentleman trustee, finds only a very limited application nowadays, and I guess here even less than in the States. It is my personal opinion that we architects must try much more to make ourselves an indispensable part of today's production process itself, and to join hands more closely with the engineer, the contractor and with industry. I know this is a long shot, but I have found that the public simply does not understand the task of the architect as it is defined by us, and that we have not been sufficiently able to clarify the issue. People, when they are in a building mood, want to buy the complete package for a fixed price, at a definite time of delivery. They are not interested in the question of the division of labour among the architect, the engineer and the contractor. The complete separation of design and execution of buildings, as it is in force today, seems to me rather artificial if we compare it to the process of building in the great periods of the past. I have come to believe, therefore, that the changes in means and methods of production and the increase of building industrialisation will force the architect of the future to draw closer once more to the building production and to become a member of the building team together with the engineer, the scientist and the contractor. Design, construction and economy may then again become one indivisible entity—a fusion of art, science and business. The development of the machine will certainly not stop at the threshold of building. The industrialisation of building seems only to take longer to achieve than it took in other fields of production since building is so much more complex.

### 'Playing Safe' with the Architect

Recently I went to Washington to see what is going on in government building there; everywhere I found the same discouraging attitude of wanting to play safe with the architect. The Chief of Engineers informed me that he has gone very far in standardising his buildings. If work is farmed out to architects in the different States, a set of drawings for an armoury or a veteran's hospital is sent out, the architect is permitted little more than to adapt the plans to the individual site and to do some surface treatment as an individual touch. We are really being pushed out of public building. Then I went to the head of the Public Works. He told me that they are still letting individual architects handle some of the space relations, but when it comes to details, he said that staircase drawing No. 581, or railing number so-and-so must be used.



I hear that architects in this country suffer from a similar trend of over-organisation. Doesn't it then seem imperative for us architects to take some decisive steps in our professional set-up in order to regain our creative leadership in the building production and to defend ourselves against the sterilising effect of over-organisation? I have convinced myself that the various types of team-work may bring us again into more prominent leadership. Collaboration between the architect, the engineer, the scientist and the contractor is hardly beginning to shape up on the horizon, but I believe that the younger generation of architects will be automatically driven by prevailing conditions to direct their thought and action to form such building production teams, and to make themselves indispensable leading members.

I have not succeeded much myself yet in leading the way toward production teams, but I have had some experience in teamwork among architects. Though I know that there are teams working in this country, I thought it might interest you to hear a little about the scheme I have started, which is called the Architects' Collaborative, how it has come into being, and how it operates. There was at first a lot of back-sliding by the press into a search for the *prima donna* of our team, and I had to watch out continually that our collaborative effort was explained satisfactorily. It seems that the public is not attuned yet to teamwork in the architectural field, and as there are so few precedents, it was difficult even for us when we began to predict exactly what the effectiveness and potentialities of such a group might be. I personally had been concerned for years, through my activities as an educator, with the plight of young architects as they leave school and enter into practice. I have seen them make valiant attempts to set up shop independently, and I have seen them more often resign themselves to work as draughtsmen in large offices, which offer little or no chance of exercising individual initiative. It has saddened me to see so much youthful energy and talent dry up by the slow attrition of our more and more centralised working system, and I felt that democratic concepts cannot easily survive the assaults of our increasing mechanisation and super-organisation, unless an antidote is used which may protect the individual in his struggle with the levelling effect of the mass/mind.

I have tried to find such an antidote, by introducing my students in Harvard, beside their individual training, to the experience of working in teams. And this has become a valuable stimulant to students as well as to teachers, who were all equally unacquainted with the advantages and difficulties of collaborating in groups. Everybody has found the experience extremely rewarding, though there were some hurdles to overcome with those students who thought of their training mostly in terms of beating the other fellow. Now they had to learn to collaborate with others without losing their identity. This is to me an urgent task lying before the new generation—not only in the field of architecture, but in all our endeavours to create an integrated society. In our particular field there is no book of rules for such an undertaking, unless we want to go back as far as the Middle Ages, where the work teams of the great cathedral builders were organised in such a way that every journeyman and apprentice contributed his part of the work independently, only obeying a general geometrical key of proportion, prescribed by the master builder, and carried through in all parts of the building. But since that time, collaboration among men, which would release the creative instincts of the individual instead of smothering them, has not been practised much, and we find very little knowledge about the basic requirements which make such teamwork possible. We found, for instance, that it takes considerable time to acquire certain habits which seem indispensable for fruitful teamwork. I discovered that it was first of all imperative that every participant of the team must tell the other members right from the start what he is thinking and doing in a continuous mutual exchange. But even if everyone has the best intention to proceed that way in the beginning, it takes a while to train oneself to this end. Then this exchange becomes indispensable, as it puts the different individuals in their right place of participation.

But, of course, everybody likes to do what he is particularly fitted for. Research then grows quickly, and a variety of opinions develops into a challenge for the team to come to final terms. In the flood of so many objective problems that have to be solved, the natural vanity of the individual is slowly drowned. The task grows gradually above the individual, who finally hardly remembers who initiated this or that part of the idea, as all their thoughts resulted from the mutual stimulation. But, no doubt, there are many difficulties to be overcome which stem from inflexibilities of character. But the stature of the individual grows under the voluntary collective effort of the team.

The acid test of being checked and rechecked by one's team-mate and neighbour enriches one's own opinion and broadens one's own aspect. As democracy obviously hinges on our ability to co-operate, I urged that the architect, as a co-ordinator by vocation, should lead the way toward developing the new technique of collaboration in teams. The essence of such technique should be to emphasise individual freedom of initiative instead of authoritative direction by a boss. Synchronising all individual efforts by a continuous give and take of its members, the team, I argued, can raise its integrated work to higher potentials than the sum of the work of just so many individuals.

Since 1945, I have tried out such a teamwork in practice, with seven young partners, under the name the Architects' Collaborative. I do not feel entitled to draw any general conclusion from this experiment yet, but I am personally encouraged to go on with it. It keeps resilient and flexible, and is probably more efficient and more adaptable to the rapid changes taking place than the boss-employee relationship. What is called 'the freedom of the artist' does not imply the unlimited command of a wide variety of different techniques and media, but simply his ability to design freely, within the pre-ordained limits imposed by any one of them. Even today a knowledge of counterpoint and harmony is essential for a composer. That is now the solitary example of the theoretic basis every one of the arts formerly possessed but all the others have lost: something, in fact, which the designer must rediscover for himself. But, though theory is in no sense a ready-made formula for a work of architecture, it certainly remains the most important prerequisite of collective design. For, since theory represents the impersonal cumulative experience of successive generations, it offers a solid foundation on which a resolute team can rear a higher embodiment of creative unity than the individual architect.

Through this approach and attitude, we will find again a common language of architecture and its individual variations, a humanised standard, fitting the whole of our community, but simultaneously satisfying also, by its modifications, the different desires of individuals, an achievement as exemplified in former times by the anonymous harmony and organic growth of a Cotswold town or an Italian village. In short, I feel that the inspiration of the coming generation of architects will lead them in the direction of a common expression rather than to pretentious individualism.—*Third Programme*

## On a Photograph of Toulouse-Lautrec

'The Naughty Nineties'? But—this figure squat,  
In long frock coat, with bushy beard, and eyes  
Bespectacled, beneath this bowler hat—  
The portrait, one would readily surmise,  
Of some Victorian nonconformist minister,  
Respectability incarnate? Yes,  
It was those eyes that gathered in the sinister  
Perversions of the city's wantonness.  
That brain transmuted them into a pattern  
Of line and colour. Those hands set them down  
In ruthless images of rake and slattern,  
Harpy and harridan, in modish gown  
Or ragged shift. With neither love nor rage,  
But with a surgeon's knife of coldest clarity,  
He probed the secret cancer of his age,  
And at its heart found beauty. Not by charity  
(Such divine insight as perceived the pure  
Love in a Magdalene's kiss) his hand was guided,  
But by a passion born of knowledge sure  
That truth from beauty never is divided;  
Where being is, beauty is: neither can moth  
Nor rust do more than vary its external  
Appearances; lily and maggot both  
Come from the same studio, and in the eternal  
Design have equal share. So much, no less,  
No more, he knew; and, knowing, in his own  
Fashion, he also, in the wilderness,  
Inscribed the Law upon tables of stone.

CHARLES JEFFRIES



# NEWS DIARY

August 15-21

## Wednesday, August 15

Mr. Stokes announces details of British proposals for settlement of oil dispute

U.N. delegation to Korean armistice talks proposes that both sides appoint sub-committee to discuss location of demilitarised zone

Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions agrees to claim for all-round wage increase of £1 a week

## Thursday, August 16

U.S. Government tells Soviet Government that terms of Japanese Peace Treaty will not be subject to negotiation at San Francisco conference next month

Communist delegation at Korean armistice talks accepts U.N. proposal for appointment of sub-committee

United Kingdom, United States and France place resolution before U.N. Security Council calling on Egypt to lift restrictions on shipping in Suez Canal

## Friday, August 17

Mr. Stokes tells Persians that his proposals for settlement of oil dispute are 'the best he can offer' and emphasises that he could not consider any alternative proposals

Sub-committee, set up to consider position of demilitarised zone in Korea, meets at Kaesong

Over 100 people reported killed by hurricane in Jamaica

Two killed and forty-three injured in train crash at Newcastle-on-Tyne

Warwickshire wins County Cricket Championship for first time for forty years

## Saturday, August 18

At a meeting of British and Persian oil delegations in Teheran Persians present written reply to Mr. Stokes' proposals

Admiral Joy, chief U.N. delegate at Kaesong, emphasises necessity for agreement on a militarily defensible position rather than a political line in Korea

## Sunday, August 19

Publication of Persian reply to British proposals postponed

United Nations forces in Korea launch limited offensive on eastern front

U.S. House of Representatives cuts by 350 million dollars amount approved by Foreign Affairs Committee for economic aid to Western Europe

## Monday, August 20

Dr. Moussadek, Persian Prime Minister, has meeting with Mr. Stokes and Mr. Harriman

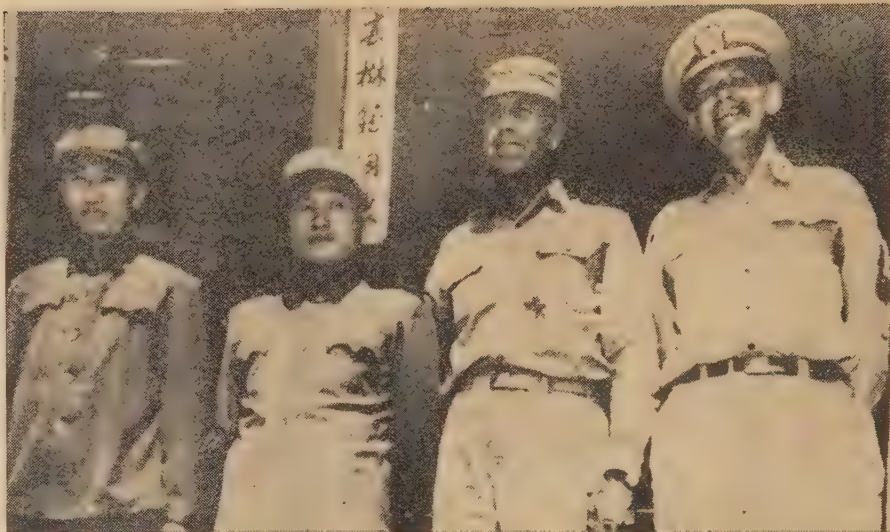
Royal Navy to send two ships to Jamaica to assist victims of hurricane

## Tuesday, August 21

Mr. Stokes withdraws British proposals for future of Persian oil industry

Conference opens at Nairobi on African defence facilities

Death of Mr. Constant Lambert (see page 316)

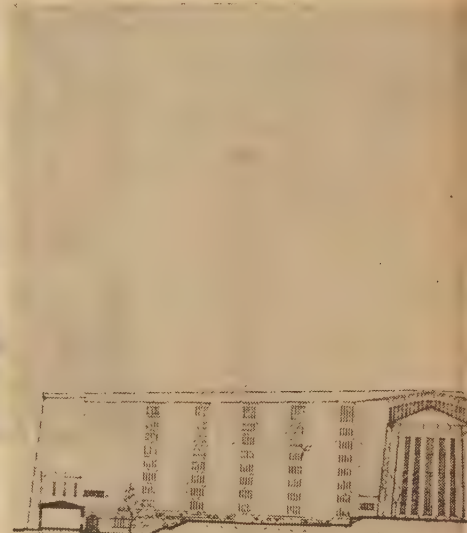


Members of the sub-committee appointed last week at the Kaesong armistice talks to try to agree on the position of a demilitarised zone in Korea. They are photographed after their first meeting on August 17; left to right: General Hsieh Fang (China); Major General Lee Song Cho (N. Korea); Major General H. I. Hodes (U.S.A.) and Rear-Admiral Arleigh Burke (U.S.A.)

West Berlin to cross the attempt at a



Princess Margaret celebrated her twenty-first birthday on August 21. This new photograph of Her Royal Highness was taken by Cecil Beaton at Buckingham Palace specially for the occasion



The winning design submitted by Mr. Basil Spence, for the new Coventry Cathedral: the west elevation existing tower and ruins (to be preserved as)



Mareeh Hassan Hamad of Egypt climbing ashore at Shakespeare Cliff, near Dover, after winning the international cross-channel swimming race (organised by the Daily Mail) on August 16



Four thousand pigeons starting on a race at Belgian Pigeon Fanciers Associations from Blankenbergh, Belgium, on





using hosepipes to drive back East Berlin communist youths who attempted a parade in order to hold a parade in the western sector on August 15. Their planned 'invasion' (in several places the demonstrators numbered about two thousand) were unsuccessful and a small number were arrested



The first *Gathering of the Clans* since 1822 was held at Murrayfield, Edinburgh, on Saturday and was attended by Scotsmen from all over the world. The photograph shows the start of 'The March of the Thousand Pipers' which preceded the gathering. The following day the Edinburgh Festival opened with a ceremonial service in St. Giles' Cathedral



Artur Schnabel, the distinguished pianist, who died in Geneva, August 15, at the age of sixty-nine. A great exponent of the classics from Mozart to Brahms, he made many concert appearances in England and other countries. An Austrian by birth, he became an American citizen during the war



F. R. Brown (England's captain) batting in the final Test Match against South Africa at the Oval on Saturday, England won the match by four wickets, and the rubber by 3 to 1 with one match drawn

B.A. in the competition (in relation to the memorial garden)



designed by the British and the Festival Gardens to be opened on August 15



Aerial view of Widecombe-in-the-Moor and surroundings included in the Dartmoor National Park for which a designation order was signed last week. The area designated for preservation comprises about 365 square miles. The order is to be submitted to the Minister of Local Government and Planning for confirmation



Chester Zoo's baby Axis deer (born a fortnight ago) photographed with its mother last weekend



# The Doctrine of the Holy Spirit

The last of six talks by Canon C. E. RAVEN on 'Science and the Christian Man'

ANYONE who reflects upon the relationship of the Christian Church to science throughout its history can hardly fail to be struck by this fact: that this relationship has been close and friendly when the Church was influenced by doctrine akin to that of the Fourth Gospel or of the great Christian Platonists of the third and the seventeenth centuries. Clement and Origen in the early days and Benjamin Whichcote, John Smith and Ralph Cudworth in the great period of British science not only proclaimed a reasonable faith and thus provided a climate favourable to the study of nature but were men profoundly concerned with the immanence of the Godhead.

## The Divine in Nature and History

Conversely, when we enquire why it is that the Church has so often ignored and despised the work of scientists we recognise that at such times the doctrine of the Holy Spirit almost entirely disappears or is reduced to a merely ecclesiastical significance. It is probably true to say that it is the neglect of this doctrine—the doctrine of the Holy Spirit—that is the chief cause for the failure of Christendom to appreciate and co-operate with the study of what the Psalmist calls the works of the Lord. That weakening in our belief in the Holy Spirit is correlated with this failure can be shown from the relevant events in the past century. It is familiar ground that a constant succession of theologians during that period have drawn attention to the contrast between the Christianity of the early Church and of our own time—the early Church so full of vitality and spiritual power, so united in faith and energy, so rich in evidence of the Spirit's working; our own day so often ineffective and divided, and so inclined to confine the gift of the Spirit to a few ritual acts or pious emotions. These theologians have urged that unless we can recover a real belief in the indwelling of the divine in ourselves and in the world we can never escape an arrogant belief in our own human efforts or share a full and joyous appreciation of the presence of the divine in nature and history.

The Christians who repeat the fashionable assertion that there is no such thing as progress and even dare to speak of belief in progress as a heresy plainly reveal that they themselves have no effective faith in the Holy Spirit or in his work in the world and in mankind. St. Paul when he declared that the fruit of the Spirit was love, joy, peace and fortitude proclaimed the same message as the hymn which declares that 'Every virtue we possess and every victory won and every thought of holiness are His alone'. And for myself I believe that it is right to recognise the presence of the Spirit in the beauty of the lily and the song of the nightingale. Why are so many of us determined to deny God's presence in His world?

But it is not so much with our doctrine of the Spirit that I want to be concerned here as with our experience of His work—and especially His work in enabling a new relationship between the members of the human community. For this is not only the most obvious proof of His reality, but, as I believe quite literally, a matter of life or death for us in these days. For I do not believe that democracy has a chance of resisting the ruthless efficiency and solidarity of totalitarian systems unless it can itself be changed into the sort of dynamic and revolutionary society which constituted the early Church and in the first Christian century did transform history.

For democracy in its present operation fails signally to fulfil those conditions which make for a creative corporate life. It works on the principle that if a committee is appointed on which delegates representing the various interests concerned can meet and thrash out their problems all will be well. As the delegates approach their task committed to secure success for their own point of view, the motive is not co-operation but conflict, and the result can be nothing but a compromise—a highest common factor only too often more foolish than any member by himself would accept. As everyone who has spent much time in such work must regretfully acknowledge, the wisdom of a committee is too often in inverse proportion to the number of wise men who constitute it. 'Moral man and immoral society' is, superficially, a fair conclusion to draw.

That such a conclusion need not follow is obvious to anyone who considers the achievement of the early Church or has had the experience of belonging to any true team or community. He will know that, given the right conditions, the product of united work can be far richer and wiser than any or all of the members acting individually could have accomplished. Insight has been quickened, ideas exchanged and transformed, discoveries made and explored, real novelty has emerged, a creative act has been fulfilled.

It is in fact from the study of the early Church that we can most plainly see the conditions which make possible such creative fellowship. Indeed the achievement of it was obviously the goal of the training which Jesus gave His disciples and the fulfilment of His own mission. He took up the basic religious experience, the awareness of a mystery which exalts and also humiliates, and set Himself first to quicken the sensitiveness of His hearers and to give them more abundant life, and then to challenge them to express this fuller life worthily. The challenge was beyond their powers until they had been broken of their pride. So long as they relied on their own strength and were still ambitious of reward or afraid of failure they would fail and betray. Only when self-esteem and self-pity had been burnt out of them by the bitter shame of Calvary could they be fit for the experience of forgiveness and faith and freedom and so be ready for fellowship. Then it only needed the discovery of something to do—the inspiration of a supreme adventure, as we may call it—to evoke in them and from them the creative and unifying energy which welded them into a corporate community.

Three conditions are thus necessary for true fellowship: the possession of a common ideal involving complete release from selfishness and division; the discharge of a common task big enough to capture imagination and give expression to loyalty; and the comradeship, the 'togetherness', thus involved, as we find out the joy and power of belonging to an organic society and engaging in a whole-time service. Every one of us surely has had experience of such community—enough at least to convince us of its possibility. We can find it in an elementary form in the football team which has learnt how to play as a whole, in the racing eight on the river when rhythm is achieved and the crew move as one, in the battalion under fire—as I found it in the battles of Vimy Ridge, in the group of friends banded together for social service, for the doing of a bit of work for others. We can find it at its fullest where the ideal is highest and most exacting, where the task extends and integrates every ounce of our strength and every element in our being, where the comradeship is so solid and deep that we respond one to another without conscious effort, realise the unspoken need and react to it spontaneously and at once.

## Power of Creative Effort

Under such conditions all the vitality that we usually waste upon our jealousies and our vanities—upon keeping up appearances and putting other people in their proper place—becomes available for creative use. And the amount of it is amazing. It is rather like what happens in the individual person when under the influence of passionate emotion, indignation, loyalty or self-preservation, and the stimulus of urgent action, there is a release of energy intense, effective and in our ordinary lives wholly unprecedented. Under the conditions that we have been considering a group fully integrated can achieve a level of creative effort far surpassing anything that its members could foresee or expect.

Moreover, in such circumstances, whether they be individual or collective, there is experienced what can only be called inspiration. Our own capabilities are controlled, enhanced and unified by a power that possesses us. We act under a constraint which, when we experience it, cannot be questioned, which when the spell is broken leaves us shaken and yet satisfied—constraint which both illuminates and empties us. If we attempt to describe it, imagery like that used of Pentecost becomes almost inevitable, fire and light, whirlwind and convulsion are the metaphors that we are driven to employ. They are appropriate to the action of the Holy Spirit and akin to that of the



basic religious emotion. No doubt, like all other psychic events, such experiences must be rigidly examined and tested: self-delusion is easy, and inspiration has been too often claimed for what is in fact morbid and silly for us to accept it without scrutiny. But there is a vast mass of evidence for the reality of such creative possession ranging from artists and scientists to heroes and saints, from Nietzsche to Amiel and from Socrates to St. Paul. And for us ordinary folks an event which cleanses us of our snobbishness and jealousy, and fits us for partnership with our neighbours, and discloses in us 'a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness' may surely be accepted gratefully and without scepticism.

For it is one thing to acknowledge that inspiration may be disturbing to human complacency and even dangerous to human conventions and that it must be tested by the intellect and proved by its effects: it is quite another thing to deny and suppress it, and to replace spontaneity and creativeness by a legal, formal and authoritarian system. If one compares the vigour and freedom of the earliest Church with the organised orthodoxy and bitter controversialism of the same Church four centuries later, one is forced to realise that the Spirit had somehow been quenched and grace replaced by law. If proof be required it is enough to remember that in the second century men said with admiration and sincerity, 'See how these Christians love one another'; no one could have said it without irony of the Church of St. Jerome, and St. Cyril of Alexandria. A free community of which it had been said that it 'turned the world upside down' had grown up into an ecclesiastical hierarchy which had inherited the functions of imperial Rome to bring the nations under its dominion and rule them by its law. Such a process may have been necessary as the price of the Church's expansion and the means of preserving Christendom through the dark ages: but, however we explain it, a change, a very profound change, has taken place.

This matter is one which powerfully affects our own society today alike in Church and State. We talk much of democracy and much of the reign of law. We have already spoken of the contrast between democracy as now organised and the creative community of the Spirit. It is worth while before we close to look at the matter of law. For in this respect one of the great problems of our time is beginning to arise. Law is, perhaps inevitably, negative and restrictive. It must deal with men in the mass, treating them, not as persons each with his own distinctive qualities and circumstances, but as cases, examples, types. 'Hard cases make bad law', says the judge; 'every case is a hard case', says the Christian. The contrast need not be underlined.

Moreover, in recent years the business of adapting rigid statutes to infinitely variable conditions, the business of 'making the punishment fit the crime' in fact, has been made more necessary and more difficult by the growth of psychology. We know now far more exactly than was known a century ago how hard, how impossible, it is to draw the line between criminal intention and mental deficiency, or between what is strictly a guilty action demanding or at least justifying punishment and what is if not virtuous at least deserving rather approval than condemnation, even though legally both alike are breaches of the law. In consequence, if equity is to be maintained, the law must be made elastic enough to avoid gross miscarriages of justice: the judge must be allowed to interpret it, case-law based upon judicial decisions must modify and adjust the plain meaning of the ordinances. We all know the difficulties that arise and which on occasion threaten to bring the administration of justice into contempt.

Such a problem illustrates very vividly the contrast between a society based upon a negative, rigid and impersonal system and a community where the relationships depend upon a common loyalty, issuing in common and creative activities, and proceeding from mutual trust and affection. It is towards the achievement of this second type of community that all the best effort of our age is directed. We want to see an end to the treatment of human beings as chattels—hands, wage-slaves, machine-minders; in order to do so some of us have said, 'Destroy capitalism, it is identical with exploitation: destroy it, and in the classless society every member will count as a person'; others have said, 'Individual freedom such as exists, to some degree at least, under our present system must be preserved and enlarged; the greatest threat to it is socialism and state control; even at the cost of injustices let us preserve such freedom as we still possess'. Obviously both statements in their extreme form are absurd. Man cannot live without society; pure individualism is absurd. Society consists of a community of co-operative individuals, and its creativeness depends upon their freedom; communism if it suppresses the individual is a tyranny and ultimately sterile. But the alternative is not ultimate. There is a true and obvious fellowship in which the individual finds freedom and fulfilment, and the society is at once versatile and creative—a fellowship in which both the parts and the whole are dedicated to a common loyalty, energised by a common task, and integrated by a common relationship.

Some day democracy will find in Christ its loyalty, in His service its fulfilment, in His Spirit its unity. And when that happens the world will once more be turned upside down.—*Home Service*

## Pilgrims at 221B

S. C. ROBERTS on the Sherlock Holmes exhibition in Baker Street, London

NUMBER 221B Baker Street! How richly the historical and emotional content of that simple address has developed in recent years! Where was, where is, 221B? I am not concerned to argue about the precise identification of the site. Much topographical and cartographical study has been devoted to the subject; but for my present purpose I am simply contemplating the rooms in Abbey House, just opposite the side entrance to Baker Street station, in which there is displayed a remarkable assembly of books, manuscripts, photographs, scientific specimens and other items relating to the life and adventures of Sherlock Holmes. Let me add at once, however, that in one section of the exhibition the topographical enthusiast will find a large number of maps, plans and photographs relating to 221B which will keep him busy, and happy, for a considerable time.

As for the exhibition in general, there are one or two items that are almost terrifying to the unscientific and unsuspecting visitor. Take 'The Lion's Mane', for instance. You will remember that this story constitutes one of the few records of how Holmes spent his days after he had given himself up entirely to the soothing life of Nature in his little Sussex home. You will remember, too, how, taking a walk along the cliff one morning in July 1907, he suddenly came face to face with tragedy in the mysterious death of Fitzroy McPherson while bathing from the beach; how the local police were baffled and how in a flash

Holmes recalled an article by the Rev. J. G. Wood on *Cyanea Capillata*, the Lion's Mane, the 'curious waving, vibrating, hairy creature with streaks of silver among its yellow tresses'. Well, in the exhibition you can see not only a copy of Wood's book (entitled *Out of Doors*) but a specimen of *Cyanea Capillata*. Unfortunately the zoologists seem a little doubtful about the killing capacity of this revolting jelly-fish and it is conjectured that McPherson's death may, in fact, have been caused by *Physalia*, an aggregate of jelly-fish organisms and a far more formidable object to a bather. I am in no way competent to discuss such matters—scientific investigators must examine the specimens, both of which are sufficiently repulsive, for themselves.

A similar problem appears to arise over a much more famous adventure—that of the Speckled Band. As we all know, the 'peculiar yellow band, with brownish speckles' which 'seemed to be bound tightly' round Dr. Roylott's head was immediately identified by Holmes. 'It is a swamp adder', he cried, 'the deadliest snake in India. He has died within ten seconds of being bitten. But, here again, the zoological critics seem to be in some doubt. The name 'swamp-adder' is apparently unknown in their vocabulary and so they have displayed, for our edification, five possible alternatives, including the puff adder and the saw-scaled viper; finally, they give their vote in favour of the cobra. Even so, serious doubt is thrown upon its capacity to kill a man in ten seconds. It is all very disappointing. If we listen to these scientific commentators much





Sherlock Holmes' room, showing among other things his deer-stalker cap and Inverness cape, Watson's top hat and stethoscope, the portrait of General Gordon, and the gasogene

longer, we shall be driven to conclude that Holmes himself was guilty of the error that he imputed to Watson—that of tinging what ought to be an exact science with romanticism. There is, however, one zoological exhibit which appears to provoke no controversy, and that is the mounted skin of the giant rat of Sumatra. Here, of course, there is not much to excite biological argument, since our knowledge of the subject is confined to a passing reference. Holmes' success in the case of Matilda Briggs, you will remember, had made a deep impression on the firm of Morrison, Morrison and Dodd, and Holmes explained to Watson that Matilda Briggs was the name not of a woman, but of a ship, and that ship was associated with the giant rat of Sumatra. Here our knowledge ends, since Holmes went on to add that the story was one for which the world was not prepared; but now at least we can see what the giant rat (*Rhizomys Sumatrensis*) was really like. Whether the story was too intimate, or too horrible, for modern ears we can only conjecture. There are several other items in this scientific section, but the fact that the promoters have done nothing about the Devil's Foot (*Radix pedis diaboli*) may be regarded as a curious incident. However, as there was only one sample of it in Europe in 1897 (and that in a laboratory at Buda), we can appreciate the difficulties.

Now let us turn to something more cheerful than poisonous snakes and deadly jelly-fish. One section of the exhibition is devoted to 'Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the creation of Sherlock Holmes' and perhaps I ought to have begun with this, since after all it was Conan Doyle who, in some magical way, infused the life-blood into his characters. In these days of the immortal youth of his creatures it is well that we should remember the creator, and those who are bibliographically, rather than scientifically, minded can see, for instance, Conan Doyle's first notes for the first Sherlock Holmes story, 'A Study in Scarlet', the story that was refused by several publishers and eventually accepted for inclusion in *Beeton's Christmas Annual* for 1887. This is now a very rare piece and is not shown in the exhibition, but there is a copy of the second edition—also very rare—with illustrations by Charles Doyle, the author's father. First editions of *The Adventures*, *The*

*Memoirs*, *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and of many other books, are also there to be seen and studied.

You can also see one of the stories—'The Adventure of the Dying Detective'—in manuscript. Furthermore, you can study one very important element in the establishment of Holmes and Watson as living characters—I mean the work of Sidney Paget as illustrator. If you look up the illustrations in the first editions of *A Study in Scarlet* and *The Sign of Four*, you will find both Holmes and Watson to be quite ludicrously unrecognisable. It was in the *Strand Magazine* for July 1891, containing 'A Scandal in Bohemia', that Sidney Paget set the stamp of authenticity upon the physical and sartorial details which are now permanently associated with the great detective—the tall, lean figure, the deep-set, piercing eyes, the deer-stalker cap, the travelling cloak, and so on; and one of the most delightful features of this exhibition is the series of original wash drawings by Sidney Paget, lent by his daughter, Miss Winifred Paget. One of them is half of a full-length portrait of Sherlock Holmes which was partially destroyed by the artist and happily rescued by his wife from the wastepaper basket; another is the famous drawing entitled 'The Death of Sherlock Holmes', showing Holmes and Moriarty locked in a deadly embrace on the narrow path above the Reichenbach Falls, and this, by the way, is supplemented by a photograph of the actual scene of the struggle, and by a specimen of 'the blackish soil kept for ever soft by the incessant drift of spray'.

Interest in Sherlock Holmes is not, of course, confined to this country or even to the English-speaking countries, and copies of various translations are duly displayed in the exhibition. You can contemplate *La Vallée de la Peur*, published in Paris in 1920 or *Das Rätsel der Thor-Brücke und andere Abenteuer*, published in Berlin in 1928, and there are many other foreign versions whose titles I should be quite unable to enunciate—the *Boscombe Valley Mystery*, for instance, in Danish; *The Hound of the Baskervilles* in Irish, Norwegian and Polish; other adventures in Arabic, Malay, and Gugarati; and one (*The Six Napoleons*) in Russian. Why the Defence Committee Publishing House of Moscow should have selected the story of the famous black pearl of the Borgias remains a matter for conjecture.

Another section of the exhibition comprises 'Parodies and Cartoons'. One of the earliest parodies was *The Enchanted Typewriter* by J. K. Bangs (1899) and the largest assembly of skits and imitations

is contained in *The Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes*, edited by Ellery Queen in 1944. In discussing this particular section I am on slightly delicate ground, since it contains a piece of my own editing—*The Strange Case of the Megatherium Thefts*. This was printed in a very small edition, and for private circulation only, in 1945. I felt, as Holmes did in another context, that it was a painful story for which the world was not yet prepared.

One of the most attractive parts of the exhibition from the literary point of view is that entitled 'Sherlock Holmes at large'. Here, for instance, it is good to see portraits of the three generations of Vernets, all artists of distinction. Holmes' grandmother was a sister of the third of them, Horace Vernet, and, as I have indicated elsewhere, Holmes may well have been influenced by his great-uncle's picture of his own studio. Here, too, you may get an idea of the ramifications of the intensive study



'The Death of Sherlock Holmes': Paget's original wash drawing which is now in the Baker Street exhibition



of the Holmes-Watson saga in the last twenty years. Foremost in the bibliography of this period stands the famous essay of Monsignor R. A. Knox, entitled 'Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes', which was included in a volume of *Essays in Satire*, published in 1928. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this essay in the history of Holmesian scholarship. If I may be forgiven for returning to the first person for another moment, my own first contribution to the subject was a review of Monsignor Knox's work which I entitled 'A Note on the Watson Problem'. This was followed by a short life of Dr. Watson (1931), which I now observe, with some blushes, to be described as 'the standard biography'. Since 1931 there has been a steady stream of biographical and bibliographical publications, and the work of the late H. W. Bell, of Christopher Morley, T. S. Blakeney, Vincent Starrett, Edgar W. Smith and many others is well known to all students.

### Cult of Sherlock Holmes in the U.S.

Naturally, this section of the exhibition contains many contributions from across the Atlantic. There the cult of Holmes and Watson has spread to quite astonishing lengths. In 1934 societies to commemorate the name and fame of Sherlock Holmes were founded both in London and New York. The moving spirit in the foundation of the London society was the late A. G. Macdonell and I well remember the meeting at which the Society was formed. One point (perhaps the only point) on which we were all agreed was that the society should have a dinner. Where was the dinner to be? 'Surely in Baker Street', I suggested. 'You can't dine in Baker Street', said someone. 'Certainly you can', I replied, and we did dine in Baker Street, hilariously, with the late Dick Sheppard in the chair.

That was in June 1934 and at the same time the society known as the Baker Street Irregulars was founded in New York. The contrast between English casualness and American thoroughness is fully exemplified in the fates of the respective societies. In London two more dinners were held, but after the third dinner members of the society received a laconic postcard: 'The Sherlock Holmes Society, like the Red-Headed League, is dissolved'. In the United States, the sequel was very different. Not only have the Baker Street Irregulars survived and expanded, but about thirty scion societies, as they are called, have been formed in various cities of the United States and Canada and one item in the exhibition consists of documents relating to such bodies as the Creeping Men of Cleveland, the Illustrious Clients of Indianapolis, the Six Napoleons of Baltimore, the Trained Cormorants of Los Angeles. Whether the new Sherlock Holmes Society of London, formed a few weeks ago, will emulate this nation-wide activity remains to be seen.

Another group of miscellaneous items in the exhibition bears the attractive title: 'Is there any other point to which you would wish to draw my attention?'—a quotation, as you will immediately recognise, from *Silver Blaze*. Here there are all sorts of interesting oddments, such as portraits of Holmes in water colour, wood, and poker-work; a rare Sherlock Holmes Crossword Puzzle, by Mycroft Holmes, recently brought to light by Tobias Gregson, late of Scotland Yard, and transmitted by him to Christopher Morley; some highly ingenious reproductions, by the Danish Baker Street Irregulars, of the title-pages of some of Holmes' best-known works, such as 'An Essay on the Polyphonic Motets of Lassus', 'Upon the distinction between the ashes of the various tobaccos', and, of course, of the 'Practical Handbook of Bee Culture, with some observations upon the segregation of the Queen', the *magnum opus* of Holmes' later years.

But most interesting of all the exhibits in this section, perhaps, is the bicycle used by Miss Violet Smith, whose story is told in *The Solitary Cyclist*. According to the managing director of a famous firm of cycle manufacturers, this vehicle was delivered to Miss Smith's father at Charlington Hall in 1895 and after Miss Smith's marriage was sold back to the firm and retained as a period piece. Why Miss Smith, who afterwards inherited a large fortune and became the wife of the senior partner of a famous firm of electricians in Westminster, should have troubled to trade her machine back to the makers is not quite clear. It may be that she merely exchanged it for a later model and the firm has no record of the second transaction; but, in any event, it is pleasant at this distance of time to contemplate the machine and mentally to recall the picture so graphically drawn by Dr. Watson of Miss Violet Smith on her way from Farnham Station: 'In all the broad landscape there were the only moving figures, the graceful girl sitting very straight upon her machine and the man behind her bending low over his handle-bar...'

On the two sections relating to 'Sherlock Holmes on the Stage' and 'Sherlock Holmes on the Screen', I do not feel competent to speak in detail. I did not have the good fortune to see William Gillette in his famous play, but I do recall a certain thrill when I saw the play performed by a good touring company at Cambridge in my undergraduate days. As to Sherlock Holmes on the screen, I cannot help feeling that every sincere devotee of the canonical stories must subscribe to what is said in the introduction to the catalogue of this section of the exhibition: 'One of the most distressing and inexcusable features of the great majority of the Holmes films is their little resemblance to the stories or characters of the books, for especially in recent times the most appalling perversions of Dr. Watson's immortal narratives have been filmed'. On the other hand, it is pleasant to read and to applaud Lady Conan Doyle's tribute to Mr. Arthur Wontner: 'You looked the part and you seemed the living incarnation of Sherlock'. It is pleasant, too, to note that Mr. Wontner has lent his presentation copy of *The Valley of Fear*, together with the deerstalker and the pipe used by him in the films.

For those who are interested in lethal weapons there is a special section of the exhibition devoted to firearms, and no doubt the revolvers lent by Major Hugh Pollard and others will attract the attention of experts. For myself, I am unable to make any intelligent comment. In the war of 1914-18 I was armed with some sort of revolver and fired some inaccurate shots on a range on the sand-dunes in the neighbourhood of Calais, but I never had occasion to fire it against an enemy. Nor have I ever been tempted to adorn any wall with a V.R., or any other patriotic monogram, in bullet-pocks.

Finally, I come to what is the most alluring part of the exhibition from the point of view of the general public—the reconstruction by Mr. Weight of the living room at No. 221B as it appeared on a foggy evening in 1898. Here is the focus of sentimental reminiscence. The period, of course, is that of the Return of Sherlock Holmes and, as Watson wrote in the story of 'The Empty House', the old landmarks are all in their places. As you lean over a balustrade you look across at a jumble of Victorian and Sherlockian, bric-a-brac. The ornate overmantel is flanked by two gas brackets; a number of unanswered letters are stuck with a jack-knife into the wood of the mantelshelf; the Persian slipper is there with tobacco tucked into the toe; on the right is Holmes' chemical corner with its retorts and test-tubes; immediately above it is a snake skin and above that a rack for sticks and riding-crops; by the window is the wax-coloured model of Holmes on the moulding of which Oscar Meunier of Grenoble had expended so much care; on the left of the fireplace are the voluminous and formidable scrapbooks and the pipe-rack; newspapers are lying about on the sofa and elsewhere. Portraits of General Gordon and Henry Ward Beecher recall the blazing hot day in August on which Holmes astonished Watson by reading his train of thought as his eye travelled from one picture to the other.

On the door hangs Watson's top-hat and over it is draped his stethoscope. The pattern of this instrument has been the subject of a lively controversy. Was such a stethoscope in common use amongst practitioners in 1898 or was it not? I regret that I have no opinion to offer on so technical a point. On this or that detail of the reconstruction experts may have criticisms to make, but the total effect remains. Here is the room which, as Mr. Bernard Darwin says in his preface to the catalogue, 'has long since been pictured in the imagination of all the faithful', and all the faithful must be grateful to the Public Libraries Committee of the Borough of St. Marylebone for their sponsorship of the exhibition.—*Third Programme*

## Expectation

All day long  
Was expectation  
Of the cuckoo's song:  
Whisperings  
At the horizon's brim  
Of soft disyllables—  
Twin bells on slender stem  
Too rough a wind might overswing,  
Breaking at the bird's throat  
The delicate hinge of his double note

ROBERT HUNTER



# Round the London Art Galleries

By ERIC NEWTON

ONE of the most impressive developments in the critical equipment of my time has been the sharpening of the historical sense, and with it, a heightened sensitivity to past flavours and a reluctance—often a positive refusal—to condemn any of them. Twenty years ago the exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries entitled 'Ten Decades', and subtitled 'A Review of British Taste, 1851-1951', would have been impossible: ten years ago it would have been possible but different.

'The point of the exhibition', writes Mr. Grigson in a very fifty-ish foreword to the catalogue 'is not . . . to poke fun at the past'. I do not disbelieve him. Yet what other generation than our own would boast, by implication, of having outgrown the adjectives 'good' and 'bad' and substituted for both of them the word 'interesting'. Mr. Grigson will only commit himself so far as to say 'The bulk of widely-praised art in any period is always without merit'—a statement that leaves me surprised and doubtful. I will substitute for it one of my own. 'The bulk of art in any period is praised or condemned for what must seem, to later critics, the wrong reasons'.

That, I take it, is the moral of this peculiarly 'interesting' exhibition. Ten compartments of a decade each are arranged in chronological order. Within each compartment the artists who seemed to their contemporaries most worthy of comment or praise and who seem to us most typical of their decade, are placed side by side. Landseer, Millais, Rossetti and Egg in the 'fifties, Walter Crane, Albert Moore, Marcus Stone, Whistler and Watts in the 'seventies, Beardsley, Frank Dicksee and Sargent in the 'nineties, and so on—strange fellow-travellers, evoking the clamour of past quarrels. Yet they seem to sit more comfortably side by side now than they did then.

I have not Mr. Grigson's detachment: the impulse to poke fun overtook me more than once, but hardly ever at the moment when I was expecting it and hardly ever at the art that was 'widely praised' in its own decade: usually at the lesser disciples of the larger rebels. The pictures have been chosen with a great deal of good sense and understanding. The catalogue is adorned with quotations from criticisms mainly contemporary with the exhibits. At these, too, one is often tempted to poke fun. Nor do I grudge the critics of 2051 the fun they will poke at those of the twentieth-century fifties.

Another exhibition with a similar moral is the collection of popular art (under the title 'Black Eyes and Lemonade') at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. It has been arranged with loving care by Barbara Jones and an enthusiastic team of helpers and advisers. Popular art is so vast a subject and covers so wide a field that detailed description of the exhibition would be impossible here. Everything that popular taste demands is admissible, from a Christmas card to a Toby jug, from a barge-bucket to a waxwork. As may be gathered from the illustration

which appears on this page, it is an exhibition for the aesthetic-sociologist.

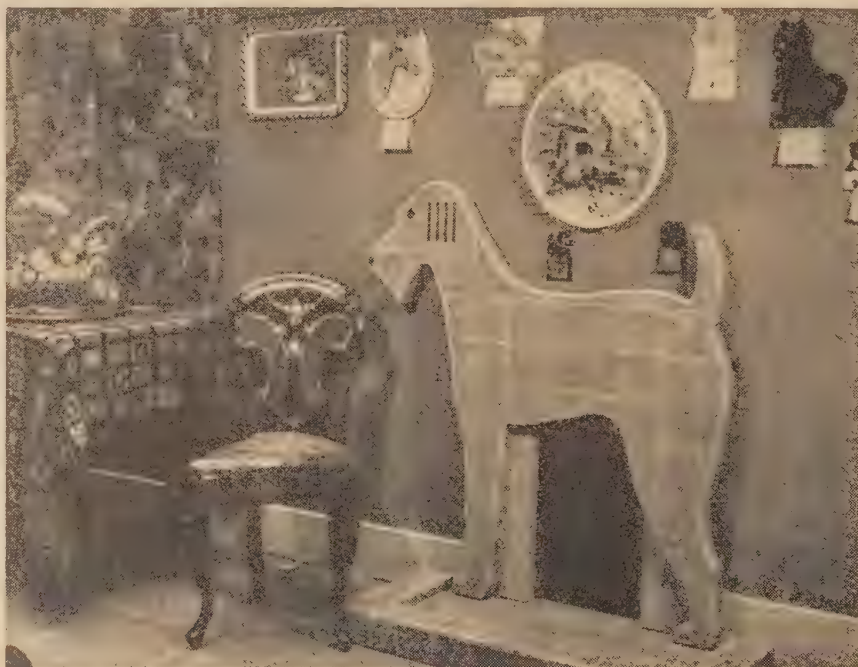
More modest in size and scope, but still with a moral attached, is the collection of colour lithographs shown at the Arts Council's Gallery in St. James's Square and commissioned by Messrs. Lyons for the decoration of their tea-shops. 'Popular' art again: but with a difference. Here is a team of non-popular artists working in a mass-production medium with a popular end in view. The results are cheerful and worthy, but no lithographical masterpiece has resulted. I suspect

that when a wealthy patron asks a distinguished painter to cheer up a teashop, cheerfulness is almost all that can be hoped for. Certainly the medium is not to blame for the lack of masterpieces, for the large and memorable exhibition of lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec at the New Burlington Galleries (organised by the Arts Council) is full of them.

Here is no attempt to cheer up anything or anybody, but a steady outpouring by a sensitive and passionate artist of delicate, cynical, grotesque fragments. Lautrec adored the sordid vitality of his Parisian underworld, his Moulin Rouge and its tinsel restlessness; he adored la Goulue and Yvette Guilbert and he translated them into lithography as surely and effectively as a bunch of grapes can be translated into half a pint of champagne. The exhibition includes virtually

the whole range of his work in lithography. Among 309 prints there is hardly a failure. Many of them are slight, with the slightness of an epigram but without the painful polish of the average epigram. The mannerisms—the Japanese echoes, for example—are never precious, whereas Beardsley's are pedantic. As a social commentator Lautrec performed miracles. He was never a caricaturist. He was hardly, even, a satirist. Daumier boiled with moral indignation: Lautrec never. He made extracts from his own life and mischievously underlined them.

Two good summer exhibitions are the modern French paintings at the Lefèvre Gallery and 'The Impressionists' at Tooth's. Impressionism is enlarging its meaning. Tooth's make it include Boudin and Jongkind. Am I wrong in thinking that London is at present undergoing a minor invasion of Boudins? No artist, I admit, has ever been more delicate in his limited way, but too many examples of the same limited way take the edge off his delicacy.



Some of the objects at the exhibition 'Black Eyes and Lemonade' at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. Centre, bedroom dog: a tile fireplace in the form of an airedale (made this year by Stuart Tile Works); left, one of a pair of papier-mâché chairs with painting and mother-of-pearl inlay (1825-50, lent by Mr. Douglas Newton); and above, a three-dimensional hanging plate (present day, lent by Miss Barbara Jones)

A large new work of reference in two handsome volumes comes from the Oxford University Press. This is *A Dictionary of Americanisms*, edited by Mitford M. Mathews. It is designed to cover the history of the American language and reflect the history of the people from their first settlement there down to the present day. Containing 50,000 entries, with pronunciation, meaning, history and illustrative quotations, as well as over 400 clear line drawings, this double volume work costs twelve guineas.



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Should the Pound be Revalued?

Sir,—My 'guess' related not, as Professor Lewis states, to U.S. and U.K. export prices, but to costs. A price is the resultant of the forces of supply and demand; I was concerned with the former. If demand is very buoyant, an exporter does not have to cut his quotation down to the bone of competitive possibility; for this reason the export price index does not give us what we want.

Still, Professor Lewis' comparison with 1937 and 1938 broadly bears out my contention, except on his assumption that the balance of payments in the 'thirties was adverse—one should add seriously adverse. (His comparison with 1913 is not relevant since we were then using a very large fraction of our income for export of capital, which is out of the question in the coming quinquennium.) I do not agree that the balance in the 'thirties was seriously adverse. It is commonly understood that the Board of Trade estimate of invisible exports was very 'conservative', i.e., too low. The inflow of gold which then occurred could not all be accounted for by an inflow of 'hot money', and indicated a healthy position.

Professor Lewis contends that we only achieved a balance prior to devaluation because third countries were 'forced to buy from us, either by currency restrictions or by shortages of goods in the United States'. On the currency side it must be remembered that the ready convertibility of sterling balances in the outer sterling area into dollars to meet a dollar deficit actually caused that area as a whole to buy an abnormally large quantity of dollar imports. Serious restrictions only became general after the meeting of Finance Ministers in July, 1949. If there was a shortage of goods in the United States, it must be remembered that there was a still more serious shortage of British goods. Orders often went to the United States, not because British prices were too high or the British were unable to meet the specification, but because their delivery dates were too long to be acceptable.

Anyhow, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. The devaluation, which Professor Lewis favours, has not by itself improved the balance. Although in the first half of 1951 the volume of our exports has been 30 per cent. above the 1948 level, these exports will not buy any more imports in total than before. Imports have been down during the interval, but that has been due to administrative action.

It is to be emphasised that the primary purpose of revaluation is to bring down the sterling prices of primary products, including and especially sterling area products (which we have to buy), without a corresponding reduction of the sterling prices of manufactures (which we sell). It cannot be predicted whether this adjustment will involve any substantial loss of export markets; it might. Maintenance of our exports at their present level is not consistent with the honourable discharge of our defence programme. If our exports have to decline, it is better for our long run prospects and much better for our short run balance of trade, that we should lose certain marginal markets through the aforementioned price adjustment than that we should lose good and bad markets alike through ever-lengthening delivery delays.—Yours, etc.,

Holt

R. F. HARROD

## Communists in Italy

Sir,—I should be sorry to cause unnecessary alarm and despondency in anyone who writes so kindly about me as Mr. Lionel Fielden. I think I may have done so by my phrase: 'The Italian communists have increased their following'. By this I did not mean that there were now more ideologically convinced communists in Italy, nor even that there were necessarily more members of the Italian Communist Party. What I meant was that in the local elections of 1951 more persons voted for the communist-sponsored lists of candidates, in proportion to the areas involved, than there did in the general election of 1948. I drew this conclusion from the officially published statistics of the results, and I think it is inescapable.

I agree with Mr. Fielden that most of the Italians I have met have been individualistic in temperament; and if one must generalise about a nation in which there is so much diversity, I too would say that communist doctrines are normally repugnant to the Italian character. But this does not alter the fact that an increasing number of Italians have shown themselves prepared to vote according to the communists' bidding, nor the deduction that if this increase were to continue Italy might one day find herself with a communist government. Mr. Fielden has also generalised that the Italian character is naturally 'agin the government'; I would qualify this by saying that while it may be true of certain regions—say Tuscany, Emilia and Sicily—it would be safer to say 'agin government regulations'.

Perhaps I should reassure Mr. Fielden that my talk was not merely based on 'ambassadorial cocktail parties and gossip'. During the five years that I have been a correspondent in this country, I have not been able to achieve the enviable intimacy with a part of one particular region which Mr. Fielden has acquired during his six years as a farmer in Tuscany. I have however visited most parts of Italy; for instance, during the six months immediately preceding the local elections, I travelled in the regions of Sicily, Tuscany (the parts round Siena and Volterra), Lucania, Apulia, Campania, the Abruzzo, Lazio, Piedmont, Liguria, Veneto and the Marches.

In conclusion, may I say how glad I am that Mr. Fielden agrees with my view that unemployment and over-population are two of the principal causes of political discontent? The only difficulty about emigration as a solution of these problems is that under modern selective schemes it tends to deprive Italy of her most energetic and productive elements, and to leave behind those elements which are most a charge on the community.—Yours, etc.,

Rome      ▲ CHRISTOPHER SERPELL

## In Defence of the Charwoman

Sir,—The letter which appeared in THE LISTENER of August 2 over the signature of Lionel Fielden strikes me as being very unfair to a hard-working and, in my experience, neither 'greedy', 'rapacious' nor 'insolent' class of our fellow countrywomen. For eleven years I have had to do with only the help these women have given me at a wage which, like other wages, has gradually risen.

In those eleven years I have had four helps from whom I have had nothing but the most

kindly, willing help and no insolence. If you give politeness, in my experience, you get it in return and I have always found the poor generous.

It is possible that Mr. Fielden may have gained his experience in London and we all know that in the rush and struggle of town conditions it is harder to keep manners and temper even.—Yours, etc.,

Andover      M. C. WILLIAMS-FREEMAN

## Functionalism in the 'Fifties

Sir,—Mr. Lance Wright in his talk on 'Functionalism in the 'Fifties' said that the re-use of traditional forms when common sense appeared to call for it . . . 'produces works which may be quaint and which may be cosy, but which can never be great'; and 'the art of a new epoch is not something which is evolved by a process of patient readjustment, it is a phoenix which rises out of the fire'.

He says he senses that he disagrees with me about this and I also sense something of the sort. I am not at all certain because if Mr. Wright really means what he says about the phoenix, he means that the art of the new epoch is exactly the same as the art of the old. Moreover 'evolution by readjustment' is near enough to a contradiction in terms. But if he means that in a new epoch art cannot be great unless it refuses to carry on any form originated in the past, then I do indeed disagree with him. At that rate the architecture of Rome, Byzantium, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance has all been quaint and cosy to the point of suffocation.

Now Mr. Wright's idea of a craftsman and his tradition really is quaint. 'Under the craft regime', he says, 'it was the material which decided the form'. When, in the eighteenth century, did Spanish mahogany decide the form of what? When did limetree decide what Grinling Gibbons was to carve in it? We have never lacked for craftsmen who had imagination as well as mastery and high standards: there are many such in Denmark now. Mr. Wright says that in furniture the imaginative approach is most evident in chairs. It was these same Danish craftsmen who contributed much of the imagination that is evident in the chairs on the South Bank.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7      DAVID W. PYE

Sir,—What pictorial artists or sculptors do is a private affair, no one is obliged to buy, or even to look at, their pictures or statues. But architecture is a different matter, we—or at least the coming generation—will be obliged to live or work in their buildings.

How odd that our art critics should have forgotten that simple fact! In Professor Nikolaus Pevsner's talks on Victorian architecture I recall no mention of what these houses are like to live in. As a matter of fact most of them—whatever their external faults may be—are sensible and comfortable and warm. I live in one myself. Mr. Lance Wright, in 'Functionalism in the 'Fifties', speaks of 'the release that the architect felt when concrete, steel and plate glass were put in his hands'. But we live in a northern climate where we have a winter that lasts for eight months, with four months of problematical summer. Who, in this country, wants to live or work in a building made of glass and steel? Who is going to find the fuel to heat such houses or be able to afford blinds and curtains to keep them



cool in summer? (And concrete, anyway, is a most unpleasing material, which weathers abominably.)

Does not this show that the 'modern' architect no longer regards himself as a servant, working for a patron who wants a house to live in, but as a superior being who merely regards buildings as a means of expressing his personal whims? A lady once said: 'Doctor Johnson, do you not think that it must be very pleasant to live in a grotto?' 'Yes, Madam', replied that embodiment of common sense, 'for a toad'. Unless we assert ourselves against these portentous and humourless moderns, we shall all be living in grottoes so that they have the opportunity of expressing their cosmic conceptions in glass, steel and probably plastics.—Yours, etc.,  
London, S.W.1

CLAUDE SISLEY

### Abstract Painting in England

Sir,—Mr. Bernard Boles, writing on our current exhibition of British Abstract Art, is puzzled to discover its *raison d'être*.

Here in Britain, unlike France, painting may be said to have a strong *romantic*—even literary—bias. For this reason alone our small showing of the more formal or abstract tendencies in British painting—including as it does the work of some of our foremost artists—is, we believe, of particular interest in this country. We should like to add that many of these painters manage to retain within this form their romantic temperament. The fact that attendance in our gallery has almost doubled, tends to underline our conviction.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

CHARLES GIMPEL  
PETER GIMPEL

Sir,—Must Mr. Boles think of contemporary abstract painting in England in terms of painters following 'a false vogue'? Couldn't we sometimes get away from this acute sensitiveness to

fashion and the imagined machinations of pressure groups?

It should be clear by now, after nearly half a century, that abstract painting has come to stay. Not only does it offer—and this should be obvious enough—a complete and powerful idiom of self-expression, as a dozen great painters have shown, but inside the profession it is a recognised discipline of the highest value and one as unique in its way as, say, drawing direct from nature. It is clear that the non-figurative idiom throws the artist back upon the basic values of painting, the sense of form, of movement, of colour, freed from all the incidental props that representation offers. No mere technical brilliance can help him here, no suave handling of paint or the clever, cursory sum of foreshortened drawing. One reason, perhaps, why non-figurative painting has proved so fruitful as a formative activity: indeed few important artists of our time, from Matisse (over eighty) to Craxton (under thirty), have failed to subject themselves, at some point, to this form of discipline.

Yours etc.,

Great Bardfield MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN

### The Cult of Nostalgia

Sir,—Mr. Pringle seems to attribute to St. Augustine a quotation from Marcus Aurelius. It is a long step from the Stoic Roman Emperor to the Christian Bishop of Hippo, but as the passage from which the quotation comes is not unrelated to the argument concerning nostalgia, I append the whole passage from G. H. Rendall's translation—*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus to Himself*:

I am in harmony with all, that is a part of thy harmony, great Universe. For me nothing is early and nothing late, that is in season for thee. All is fruit for me, which thy seasons bear, O Nature! from thee, in thee, and unto thee are all things. 'Dear City of Cecrops!' saith

the poet: and wilt thou not say, 'Dear City of God'?

Yours, etc.,

Wallingford

H. WARNER ALLEN

### 'Short History of the English Novel'

Sir,—In a recent review of my *Short History of the English Novel*, your critic, while admitting that I am no political propagandist, contrives to suggest that 'from some remarks on Dickens' it is evident I 'incline to the left'. I am afraid I cannot congratulate him on his political insight. He could as easily and far more accurately have deduced from my remarks on Disraeli and Gissing that I incline to the right. In any case when a literary historian is engaged in presenting writers as they appeared to their own and later times it is unwise and quite unnecessary for a reviewer to hunt for political motives. From this review it would appear that I am a left-wing intellectual—of all things my aversion.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

S. DIANA NEILL

### MS. of Boswell's London Journal

Sir,—Following the recent broadcast on the discovery of the Boswell Papers, we have had a number of visitors to the 1951 Festival Exhibition of Books (at the Victoria and Albert Museum) expressing their interest and surprise at finding parts of the original manuscript of Boswell's London Journal. This manuscript has been lent, for the purpose of this exhibition only, by Yale University, and it is the first occasion on which the manuscript has been on public display. Your readers might like to know of its availability at this exhibition until the end of September.—Yours, etc.,

EDMUND PENNING-ROWSELL

Exhibition Manager,

1951 Festival Exhibition of Books

London, S.W.7

## Choosing Children for Secondary Schools

(continued from page 289)

singing and doing handwork and games as well as the ordinary subjects we all know. That is to exercise all sides of them and it keeps them happy and well. But if the teacher has got to be thinking all the time of preparing for this examination, he no longer has a free hand. Probably he feels he must give them more exercises in English and arithmetic than he really wants to or thinks is good for them. And if on top of that a parent arranges for special coaching out of school, that is worse still. After all, a boy or girl at school generally gets as much schooling as he or she needs. Then the extra can only be more than enough. That it is so is often shown, I think, by a number of little signs—by sudden fits of temper perhaps, or grimacing, or a new habit of biting nails. The parents are anxious; they must be or they would not go to all the trouble and expense of the coaching. And the anxiety is infectious. The boy must go to this particular school or that. He day-dreams about it, and builds on his day-dreams. Then, in proportion as he has been doing just this, he is disappointed if his hopes collapse. He sees himself as a failure. How absurd it is, isn't it, a child of ten or eleven imagining himself a failure?

But I can hear some of you saying: 'That's all very well, but what of the boy's future? Doesn't the grammar school lead to the best-paid jobs? He'll suffer now perhaps—you say so—but it's his future we're thinking about'. That is right enough, supposing it is true. But is it? I do not think we know enough to say quite positively how effective coaching may be. It depends; but generally, I should think the

effect was very small indeed. You remember I said that in recent years the examination had greatly improved. It has, and I think the improvement has been principally towards testing what a child is capable of knowing or doing rather than what he knows. For instance, among his questions in the intelligence test he might get one like this: 'John is taller than James and Tom is shorter than William. So if John is shorter than Tom, William must be'—and there is a choice of answers—'the shortest, the oldest, the tallest', and he has to pick out the one that is correct. There is not much knowledge involved there, but it takes some thinking out. If present knowledge were all that mattered, a child who had been in the hands of an exceptionally good teacher would have all the advantages. In fact, the examination might be more a test of the teacher than the child. I am not meaning to say that it may not be sensible for a teacher to let children know beforehand the kind of thing an intelligence test is. But that is very different from coaching, and in any case it is impossible to foresee exactly what form certain questions, say, of the reasoning type are going to take. This one, for instance: 'If you were asked to make dots one inch apart in a straight line how long would the line be when you made 37 dots?' And as for preparation—it would be pretty difficult, wouldn't it?

Even now, you will be saying, I have left the main point unanswered. It is the child's future that is in the balance. The grammar school leads to the best kind of job. Well, of course, I know what that means, but it is not really so simple

as it seems. What is the best kind of job? That needs answering first. But supposing, for the sake of argument, we accept that the best job is also the best-paid job—a profession like medicine or law, for instance—and only the grammar school leads to this kind of job—let us get back to the coaching, what does it arise from? It arises (doesn't it?) from the fear that without it the child will fail. Now surely the fact is this: our children are blessed with certain abilities. We, as parents, want to make the best of them, and are ready to stretch them if necessary, but we cannot make them more or less or of different kinds. If the children are in surroundings—in schools, for instance—which may make a full call on their abilities, but a call which they can meet, they are likely to be happy. But if they are always being called on to do something which they are not suited for—if a boy, for instance, who can think about nothing but engines, is always being asked to read Latin—isn't that the surest way of breeding failures? And if that is true of school, no doubt it is true also of jobs to which schools may lead. In fact, it seems to me that one element in the solution of this particular problem must be that we should try to see our children as they really are. And that I am sure is easier said than done.

There is another element which time may supply. At present, there is no denying it, the grammar school has the pull. None of us, I imagine, wants it to pull less, but many of us, I am sure, hope and expect that as time goes on other kinds of secondary school may pull more.

—Home Service



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## Survey of International Affairs, 1938, Vol. II: the Crisis over Czechoslovakia, Jan. to Sept. 1938. By R. D. G. Laffan and others. Oxford. 30s.

THE PUBLICATIONS of Chatham House go on from bulk to bulk, and it now takes them a whole large volume to tell part of the story of a single crisis—none too much in view of the exceptional importance of the subject, and the exceptional wealth of material available on some aspects of it. These factors obviously justify, and indeed call for, very full treatment of the facts. It is less clear that they call for quite so much comment on them. The sweep and *élan* of Professor Toynbee's introduction will no doubt fascinate many readers, and he makes many excellent and most relevant points important for the history of the crisis as a whole: Mr. Chamberlain's (alleged) indifference to the balance of power factor is one of them. But is it really necessary to put them at such length, in such turgid language, with so many deplorable clichés ('the navigators of the British ship of state in international waters') and with the pedantic exhibitionism of giving the reference (in some, but not all cases) when the said cliché is taken from the Bible (although not when it comes from Shakespeare)?

Mr. Laffan's narrative, on the contrary, is sober and straightforward, and the more effective for those qualities, even emotionally. Thus his comment on Hitler's Nuremberg speech, that

the printed word fails to convey the spirit of violence and venom with which certain passages of the speech were uttered. Many of those who, in many countries, listened to the speech on the wireless will remember the impression of unbridled savagery given by the words 'Ich spreche von der Tschecho-Slowakei'

is far more impressive than the pages of rhetoric which some other writers have devoted to that speech. His chapters on British and French opinion at various stages of the crisis, which must have been the most difficult of all to compose, dependent for their success as they are on quite different qualities from those required for the mere accurate summarising of documents, are a model of fair and honest analysis. All his characters are human, and if the result is less exciting than Professor Toynbee's Doréesque picture of demons and simpletons, it is a great deal more convincing and probably much more like history.

The central story is competently and accurately told; no one could wish for a better account of it. It is, unfortunately, necessary to emphasise the adjective 'central', for, owing perhaps to the habit ingrained in Chatham House of subdividing subjects into sections and writing each one up separately, only the central narrative is given here: *i.e.*, in the main, the direct Czech, German, English and French stories. Russia is treated very shortly: lack of material perhaps necessitates this, but surely did not make it necessary to put so much of the Russian material into enormous footnotes, instead of into the text. Italy is inadequately treated; for some reason, Ciano's *Papers* do not seem to have been used at all, and his Diary very little, and what there is on Italy comes long after its proper place. The same applies to the smaller East European countries. 'French soundings in Eastern Europe' are described, but not German or Italian soundings, except for the German negotiations with Hungary (the purpose of which is not made clear). Poland is left out

altogether, except for an occasional casual reference which does not even include Hitler's communication to Lipski after the Berchtesgaden conversation. We are told that all this is to be given in a subsequent volume of the Survey, which is as sensible as saying that Hamlet's relations with Ophelia and Laertes will be given separately in Vol. III; for both Beneš and Ripka, in works both of which are quoted here, have written that the Polish question, in particular, was decisive for Czechoslovakia's attitude towards the Anglo-French proposals, and it was round these questions, and that of the Slovaks (also omitted almost entirely) that the questions of the guarantee largely turned; they also provided the excuse for Hitler's change of front between Berchtesgaden and Godesberg. Thus, fair, scholarly and, indeed, admirable in every respect so far as it goes as Mr. Laffan's narrative is, it still fails to give the complete and truthful picture of the Munich crisis which this volume should have been able to provide.

## A Traveller in Venice

By Derek Patmore. Methuen. 15s.

## A Journey to Florence in 1817

By Harriet Campbell.

Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.

In his new book Mr. Derek Patmore has had an original, if modest, aim—to form a link between Baedeker and the book of travel impressions. He has also made a half-hearted attempt to introduce an element of the hotel and restaurant guide, but, happily, he soon gives this up. He has realised that the thousands of English tourists who visit Italy do not all have the art of handling Baedeker, find nothing illuminating in his three stars and simply have not the knowledge to bring him to life. The writers of 'literary' travel books are not concerned with this kind of education. Mr. Patmore is; he is the charming *cicerone* to his readers on a tour of Venice and the surrounding towns. They look with him at a Palladian villa, and he knows that their pleasure will be increased if they are given a brief account of Palladio's genius, with a few quotations from what has been said about him. All is done quite without condescension—with perfect manners Mr. Patmore makes us feel that he has just looked it up to save us the trouble.

This refreshingly unknowing quality about the book is one of its virtues. The human interest is never absent because Mr. Patmore continually reveals himself at the various acts of discovery of a town or a painter. Any tourist visiting these parts for the first time will find in this book the perfect preparation for his mind.

Miss Harriet Campbell was fourteen when she made her journey to Florence with her mother, Lady Charlotte Campbell. But such a fourteen as only Jane Austen could have been. The interest of the book has little to do with travel as such; when we read such a passage as 'I have as yet seen no cretins but most of the people though not actual fools have the melancholy grin of idiocy strongly fixed on their countenances', it is the little girl who writes like this who interests us rather than the consanguinity of the Valais. She remarks of a woman that while her face is beautiful there is something '*manqué* about her figure'. She talks of a party which 'upon the whole bordered upon the *dull*', and on hearing that Pauline Borghese had offered her foot to be kissed by an English noblewoman she notes 'to any human being such adulation is unfitting and Pauline certainly is not one who

might be excepted'. But the immense pleasure which the book gives does not merely come from relating the sophistication of her manner with her age. The French governess, with her foolish preferences for life in London; Mamma, whose sly amorous encouragement to Mr. Bury the tutor are not lost on her daughter, sister Eleonore's affair with Lord Uxbridge, all come brilliantly alive. Only Harriet perplexes. She is too lively to be the precocious little prig some of her remarks might suggest, and one can only suppose that the aristocratic education of that time did produce minds which had almost reached maturity at fourteen. It is a mature mind and not a precocious mind that can let her write, after a party where Italian was spoken, 'My horrible *mauvaise honte* would not allow me to say a word of Italian. I was angry with myself but want of habit must always lead to that'.

Mr. G. R. de Beer has supplied many interesting notes to the text, and has found a reference to Harriet in Creevey's journal which satisfies some curiosity as to the sort of woman she eventually became: 'A very handsome woman, and somewhat loose, but as she is dying of a consumption, we will spare her'.

## The Life of Baron von Hügel

By Michael de la Bedoyère. Dent. 25s.

It may be doubted whether Friedrich von Hügel was a great or even an original thinker. He certainly had a massive impressiveness as a man, and his life cut across a fascinating, vitally important tract of religious history. A Roman Catholic by birth and upbringing, he became accepted as a theological and spiritual guide far beyond the confines of his own communion, wielding his most effective influence among Anglicans. In the prime of his intellectual development he stood at the nerve-centre of the Modernist debate, which shook the Roman Church to its foundations. The devoted friend of the doomed leaders of liberalism, yet heart and soul united to the Church which ostracised them, he was still, despite the suspicions of those in authority, its enthusiastic son when he died in 1925.

Although monographs on particular aspects of the Baron's thought exist, no one has hitherto dedicated a full-dress biography to him. This is what Count de la Bedoyère, himself a Roman Catholic and editor of the *Catholic Herald*, has attempted to do, and has done with conspicuous success. He has had the advantage of drawing upon rich stores of unpublished material, and has pieced his story together with freshness and skill. As a man the half-Scottish, half-German Baron comes to life in these pages, with all his tolerance and downright honesty, all his intellectual mastery and Christian simplicity. The reader sees him arguing subtly, in his tortuously Germanic style, with churchmen and *savants*, and then giving spiritual counsel to children and ordinary people. It is a lovable portrait, and gains in attractiveness by abundant quotations from the subject's letters and diaries.

Any life of von Hügel, however, must be a history of the Modernist crisis. The Baron was fully informed about, and sympathetic towards, the new Biblical criticism. Philosophically he stood in the swim of modern thought: even if he recoiled from its immanentist bias, he was equally antipathetic to the resuscitated scholasticism of his Church. He was the intimate friend and, up to a point, supporter of men like Tyrrell and Loisy. Count de la Bedoyère's narrative of



these stormy years is detailed and exciting: his sketches of the principal figures are on the whole convincing. The chief criticism to which he is exposed is that he himself never seems to have felt, what von Hügel felt so poignantly, the full tension between faith and reason. Consequently his book earns higher marks as a biography than as a study of ideas, and his judgment of the Modernists, particularly of Loisy, is sometimes unduly chilly.

Perhaps it is unfair to criticise Count de la Bedoyère on this score. The struggle between traditional Christianity and the new knowledge has not been fought out yet, and is not confined to the Roman Church. The solution which that Church imposed, as Tyrrell and Loisy found to their cost, took the form of the ruthless suppression of whatever questioned the accepted orthodoxy. Von Hügel, though with an inward wrench, conformed, with the result that his ultimate position seemed to lack consistency. Therein lay his great failure, for he had glimpsed the vision of a liberal Catholicism, loyal at once to Christian truth and to the progress of human thought.

### Tudor and Stuart Drawings

By John Woodward.

Faber. 25s.

Although interest in English drawings of the Tudor and Stuart periods has been steadily growing for several decades, and an appreciable number of them have already been published in the more specialist literature, no general book devoted to a review of the field has hitherto appeared. The task which Mr. Woodward has undertaken was by no means an easy one. Drawings by certain artists, such as Francis Place and Sir Peter Lely, exist in substantial numbers, whereas other artists, often of major stature, Dobson for instance, have not left a single recognised or authenticated example of their draughtsmanship; yet their names cannot be omitted from such a review without endangering the sense of historical proportion. Such dangers Mr. Woodward has carefully avoided, and his text provides an excellent introduction to the subject.

Drawings of the Tudor period, apart from Holbein's, which are excluded, are of excessive rarity, and the field opens out only with the advent of the Stuarts. The material for the seventeenth century, from the Olivers, Inigo Jones, Faithorne, Barlow, Lely, Greenhill, Loggan, and others to the time of Kneller, is abundant, though there are striking gaps. No certain examples are known by Van Somer, Daniel Mytens or Nathaniel Bacon, J. M. Wright, Soest, Huysmans, Riley, Wissing or Closterman; and apparently Mr. Woodward doubts the authenticity of the few drawings which have been assigned to Cornelius Johnson. Among the surviving and recognised works, the drawings of Lely undoubtedly occupy a position of honour. As Mr. Woodward points out, they were often made as independent and finished portraits, as distinct from studies preparatory to a painting, and have been accordingly treasured. The rough preliminary sketches made entirely for the artist's own use are less often preserved. It is indeed true that 'a new assessment of Lely's work is very necessary', and the fifteen plates here reproduced, together with Mr. Woodward's few pages of sensible comment, should help to convince the reader that he was by no means a monotonous or third-rate artist.

Kneller, Lely's great successor in the last

decades of the seventeenth and the first decades of the eighteenth century, gets less adequate treatment. Mr. Woodward rightly asserts that 'at his best... [Kneller] is a painter of subtlety and depth', but, he continues, 'he lacks the taste and colour-sense of Lely, and is a far less able draughtsman'. His colour is certainly inferior to Lely's, but otherwise this disparagement is hardly justified, and to doubt the authenticity of Sir Robert Witt's beautiful signed and dated 'Head of a Young Man' is to betray bias. It is unfortunate that in this, as in some other instances, the notes in the list of plates are inaccurate in recording signatures and



'Self portrait', by Sir Peter Lely

By courtesy of Mrs. H. M. Lely; from 'Tudor and Stuart Drawings'

inscriptions. (Text references to plates 2 and 3 are also confused.)

On the whole, however, this book, which is handsomely produced, deserves a welcome as a genuine contribution to a fascinating subject.

### A Country Parish. By A. W. Boyd.

Collins 'New Naturalist Series'. 21s.

The country parish of Great Budworth in Cheshire is the locality of Mr. Boyd's painstaking and loving researches. He is devoted to his task and has studied his district in all aspects. A detailed account, such as this, of a country parish must needs challenge comparison with Gilbert White's *Selborne*. Mr. Boyd's book is less of a journal; it is less discursive, less intimately connected with the place-daimon of the locality. Gilbert White, as he rambles on from day to day, and from month to month, conveys an intimate and personal relationship. In contrast Mr. Boyd has written a text-book in which he treats with method and great thoroughness this inland district of Cheshire with its river, its flashes, its meres and reed-beds, the general disposition of agricultural land, its history, soil, industries, salt-mines and fauna and flora. All are described with careful attention to facts, and offer, both separately and as

a whole, a valuable contribution to the natural history of England.

To give an example of the method, let us take the swallow. Information about the swallow is ranged under the following heads: breeding populations in various villages, localities on dwelling houses, etc., dates of arrival and nesting, sizes of broods in different months, total of young, average number in nest, parasites, food and song, time of dispersal of the young, assembly for migration, the ringing of swallows and the results obtained in the neighbourhood: a most valuable collection of facts. In like manner, and no less thoroughly, other creatures, mammals and birds are described.

The human population and its influence throughout recorded history is not neglected. A well-defined picture of men in their relationship to their environment is depicted, and this presentation augmented by many illustrations, both in colour and black and white. In an appendix are added a list of local birds, of lepidoptera, of plants and meteorological records. There is an index.

### The United Nations and Power

Politics. By John MacLaurin.

Allen and Unwin. 25s.

There is only one serious objection to this book and that is its price. It may be just above the limit of the general reader and he is the one whom it will profit most. It is to be hoped that there will be a run on the copies available in the circulating libraries. Here is a work which the Penguin might usefully take under its wing.

The author is described as 'an outstanding educationalist'. He is more than that, as is proved by his mastery of the best type of journalism. It will be correctly inferred from the title that he regards the self-interest of the Powers great and small as bedevilling this instrument of progress. His case must be heeded as it is conveyed to us in his arresting and colloquial sentences. It is surely something that so censorious and provocative a book is published when it assails without mercy the performances of the representatives of the United Kingdom, even when we have a Government with whose foreign policy Mr. MacLaurin, whoever this mysterious person may be, would probably prefer to agree.

The author's achievement is original. Most treatises on international relations are either heavy and substantial or light and rhetorical. This book succeeds in being light in style yet substantial in essence. A quotation can illustrate its method. 'From the point of view of war, the U.S., as everyone knows, has an advantage in industrial and economic resources and a head start in atomic weapons, while the U.S.S.R. has a head start in land forces and an advantage in its well kept secrets of how many, where and how equipped'. This passage is not perhaps the elegant English one would expect of an 'outstanding educationalist', but how clear and informing it is! How accurately the reader is, quite without offence, reminded of what the author needs him to recall.

We are given a description of the course of various problems which the Organisation has faced sometimes with partial success, often with a discouraging degree of failure. Mr. MacLaurin is fond of a method known in another context as the 'flashback'. He selects some dramatic incident or challenging statement towards the middle or end of the episode and then switches his narrative back to its beginning and pursues





500 into 800



**800** books are displayed at the Festival Exhibition of Books to represent 500 years of Britain and the British—their literature, beliefs, achievements and pursuits from childhood to old age.

**T**HE manuscript of Boswell's *London Journal*—never before publicly shown—is exhibited near the handwritten original of *The Wind in the Willows*; the first book printed in English by Caxton leads the sequence of *The Printer's Progress*; a fifteenth-century Canterbury binding heads a selection of English book-binding craftsmanship; the classics of English fiction are represented in force by their first editions.

**T**HIS careful choice from the wealth of Britain's literature inevitably invites comparisons and suggests alternatives—not the least interesting aspect of this brilliantly mounted Festival Display.

at the

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, S.W.7  
10—6,                      Adults 1s.  
Sundays 2.30—6              organised by the              Children 6d.

NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE

7 Albemarle Street, W.1

## The Policy for Children

£12 a year invested for a child, if the investment is begun within two months of birth, will provide

at age 18

£92 p.a. for 3 years or

at age 21

£323 down, or a life policy for £1,044 with profits, or

at age 25

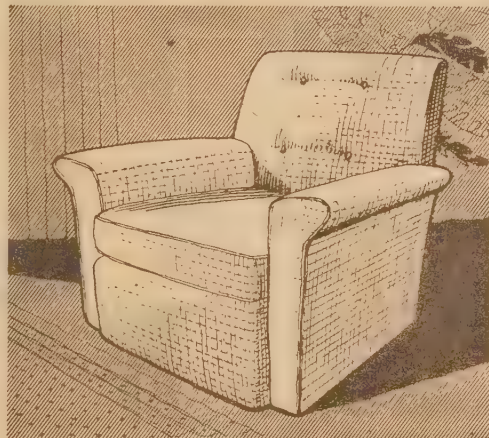
£399 down, or a life policy for £1,086 with profits

Ask for details for a boy or girl of any age up to 16

**The Equitable Life Assurance Society**

(founded 1762)

19, Coleman Street, London, E.C.2



designed by A. J. Milne, M.S.I.A.

## HEAL'S LIVING ROOM FURNITURE

Utility easy chair, loose sprung seat cushion, buttoned back and tapered arms. Covered in tapestry in a variety of colours—£22. 16s. 9d. Three Seat Settee £47. 0s. 0d.

At Heal's you will find a large selection of easy chairs, settees, fireside chairs, etc., both of contemporary and traditional design.

Please write for our folder "Contemporary Furniture at Heal's"

Heal's restaurant is open for morning coffee, lunch and tea

# HEAL & SON

HEAL & SON LTD. 196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD  
Telephone: MUSeum 1666. Telegrams: Fourposter, Rath, London

## MAJOR BYRON

The Incredible Career of a Literary Forger  
THEODORE EHRSAM, Ph.D.

"A fascinating study of Literary fraud. The biography of the perverse but gifted character, who, having given himself out to be the natural son of Byron, when he failed to obtain recognition, turned his considerable talents to forging Byron, Shelley and Keats MSS., thereby complicating the task of scholars and biographers."—*T Daily Mail*. With Facsimiles. 35s. net

## CAMBRIDGE AND ELSEWHERE

SIR WILLIAM C. DAMPIER  
(formerly Whetham) F.R.S.

A remarkable panorama through more than seventy years of university life with some splendid stories of that remarkable company, the Old Cambridge Fellows, and of International science. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net

Fiction

## NO LANGUAGE BUT A CRY

H. J. CROSS

"Mr. Cross is sufficiently gifted as a novelist to show us just by what compelling steps a child becomes a gangster. There is a sense in which he is purposive where Dickens (in *Oliver Twist*) was sentimental. It is as moving as it is enlightening."—*The Spectator*. 9s. 6d. net

JOHN MURRAY

Up-to-the-minute spotlight

**BERNARD NEWMAN'S**

## Turkish Crossroads

A fresh survey and frank impression of Turkey today. Perilously balanced between East and West, Turkey is the first modern example of a dictatorship moving towards democracy. Mr. Newman toured Turkey again this Spring and offers a mine of information. Copiously illustrated. Ready today. 18/-

**SISTER KENNY'S**

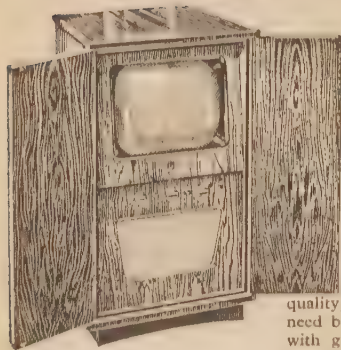
## And They Shall Walk

"The account of her long campaign against orthodox medicine in the treatment of infantile paralysis. Profoundly moving"—*Daily Telegraph*. Illustrated. 3rd Imp. 15/-

ROBERT HALE



EKCO PRESENT



## Television's LATEST DEVELOPMENT—

THIS superb Ekcovision model, TC165, incorporates "Spot Wobble," a new technical refinement which "smooths out" the line structure of the picture. The result is pictures of unsurpassed quality, which you can view from close up if need be. Other features include a 15" tube with grey-filter screen for viewing in any light and a magnificent walnut £136 cabinet with full length doors. (Tax Paid)

## and Radio's FINEST VALUE!

Voice, music, effects, all come over with noteworthy fidelity on this all-wave superhet radio, Ekco A.C. mains Model A144. Tune where you will, it provides excellent reproduction and, with the latest features and refinements and a beautifully styled cabinet, offers £28 exceptional value-for-money. (Tax Paid)



## EKCOVISION & RADIO

NATIONAL  
RADIO SHOW  
EARLS COURT  
STAND 57

Please send me full illustrated details of Models TC165 and A144

Name.....

Address.....

(L.I.)

POST TO E. K. COLE LTD., SOUTHEND-ON-SEA

## HERE IS AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN RECTIFIERS FOR RADIO AND TELEVISION can be seen on STAND No. 43 at THE RADIO SHOW

EARLS COURT, AUGUST 28th to SEPTEMBER 8th

We cordially invite you to visit us at the above so that you can see for yourselves our newest rectifier developments. The type 36HT rectifiers incorporating elements that withstand an extremely high peak inverse voltage are particularly suitable for E.H.T. supplies to television receivers and other electronic devices where current demands do not exceed 2mA. D.C. Where a few extra milliamperes are required, we can offer the type 16HT double-voltage rectifier. New H.T. rectifiers constructed with double-voltage elements will show a great reduction in size for any given output, and many well-known commercial television sets incorporate them. There, in their attractive new hammer grey finish, will be the "Westalite" battery chargers, with outputs that range from 72 to 2,400 watts. And, of course, while you are with us you can arrange for supplies of suitable literature to be sent to you to assist in your sales of

**WESTINGHOUSE**  
RECTIFIERS

WESTINGHOUSE BRAKE & SIGNAL CO. LTD., 82, York Way, King's Cross, N.1

## A really wonderful RADIOGRAM

Don't take our word about the outstanding value of this up-to-the-minute Westminster Receiver. Just visit any branch of Currys and hear this very fine instrument for yourself.

### The WESTMINSTER Model CGA 5352/S

Full-sized console cabinet. Attractive walnut finish. Draw-front opens at armchair level. Five-valve, 3 waveband receiver with latest Garrard record-playing unit.

...at the lowest possible price

Remember ONLY at

**Currys**  
LTD.

Easy payments arranged  
through any of our 230  
branches.

Automatic record-changer (latest  
Collaro model, with lightweight  
pick-up) plays 9 records  
without attention.

**36  
GNS**

**42 GNS.**



77 UXBRIDGE ROAD, EALING W.5 AND  
230 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT BRITAIN



it through the subsequent committees and debates. He examines the behaviour of the different delegates and exposes their frailties, their petty vanities and their objectionable self-righteousness.

We have to share his derision of the popular misconceptions about the United Nations which have been inherited from the days of the League of Nations. It is no god-like abstraction detached from the world. It is a collection of fallible human beings. They often behave rather less well than they would in their personal relationships and represent Governments who seem unaware that sovereignty, as hitherto understood, must slip from their grasp if the Organisation is to be allowed to prevail. The author comments freely on the humbug and hypocrisy he finds, and we have to agree that the international air would be more wholesome if all Governments ceased parading the sea-green incorruptibility of their intentions.

Though Mr. MacLaurin palpably belongs to the Left he does not spare the U.S.S.R. when, for example, it refused to allow the Russian spouses of foreigners to leave Russia. He hates 'Colonialism', and one of the most impressive parts of the book is his handling of the efforts of the Rev. Michael Scott, a man perhaps almost as handicapped by his personal diffidence and inability to mix as he has been sustained by the flame of his conviction. We have a most moving account of his struggle for what he conceives is bare justice for the natives of South-West Africa. Certainly the audience he at long last won for his plea represents a precedent, but who, having read of his perseverance in what was to him a just cause, could regret that this precedent had been set up?

Mr. MacLaurin might have criticised more definitely the constitution of the Trusteeship Council. There is surely a case for making some of its members specialists in the colonial field instead of government representatives acting as mere mouthpieces for their respective Governments. Again, rather more attention might have been paid to the spectacular achievements of the World Health Organisation, whose work might serve as a model to the more strictly political activities of the United Nations. Lastly the question of a weighted vote might have been examined by this discerning pen. It would be helpful if the author had let us know whether, on the Assembly, Venezuela should have a voting power equivalent to the United States. Somewhere in these 450 pages he might have found room for a few observations on the various suggested reforms based on population and the average economic standing of the citizens in each state. He does however manage to comment sympathetically on Federalism, and a few favourable references to the work and usefulness of United Nations Associations should hearten the members of such bodies, who, in addition to many others, should make haste to read something they will enjoy.

### The Roman Empire

By M. P. Charlesworth. Oxford. 5s.

This book gives in short compass a sympathetic, fresh, and balanced picture of how the Roman Empire came into being, was maintained, and was administered as a going concern, and of what everyday life was like within its frontiers. The *pax Romana*, unbroken for two hundred years, made possible the most rapid social and economic development. The extension of Roman citizenship, culminating in the enfranchisement by Caracalla of virtually the whole free population of the Empire, established the equality of all before the Law. And the increasing adoption by the emperors themselves of the Stoic doctrine that the ruler's function is to serve, meant conscientious and enlightened

government. Furthermore, the establishment of the city as the significant social and economic unit throughout the Empire deflected men's thoughts from narrow nationalism to a local loyalty and a wider patriotism, and set the future pattern of European civilisation. Urbanisation, accompanied by a broad tolerance of traditional religious and social usage, imposed a unity on peoples of widely differing geographical environment, racial origin, and cultural development. All this is admirably set out by Mr. Charlesworth, and those interested in the possible emergence of a world-state from the super-states of today should read and ponder.

There is, however, as much to learn from the mistakes and failures of Rome as from her success, and here the author is less informative. It is unfair to expect a book of this scope to analyse the reason for the Empire's decline and fall, and in fact the narrative ends with the re-establishment of ordered government under Constantine. But signs and portents of the ultimate disintegration appeared early. Particularly noticeable is the blight which fell on literature and, to a less extent, on art. The brilliant promise of the early Augustan age had already withered to sterility when Augustus died; and only Tacitus and Juvenal tower above the general mediocrity of Silver Latin. The parallelism with our present predicament is patent and disturbing. Henceforth an artist was 'to be judged only by the resonance of his solitude and the quality of his despair'. Why this should have been so is a vitally important question implicit, but not answered, in this book. Mr. Charlesworth's untimely death means we shall never have his full reply.

### History of Syria, including Lebanon and Palestine

By Philip K. Hitti. Macmillan. 42s.

Professor Hitti's *History of the Arabs* has had a tremendous success. His name is now well known in several continents and certainly throughout the English-speaking world. It is pleasant to welcome another work in which again he treats a vast and complex theme with the apparent ease and evident mastery which we must suppose are habitual to him. The *History of Syria* has a greater range in time than its predecessor, for it gives indications of remote periods when the characteristic Stone Age cultures prevailed and Syria—strange conception—was not yet Semitic. Then we are led down through successive ages of Semitic antiquity, Amorite, Canaanite, Aramaean, to the Biblical period and beyond, when Syria was ruled or raided by Egyptians, Babylonians, Hurrians, Hittites, Assyrians, Chaldeans, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Crusaders, Mongols, Turks and who knows how many nations besides, until we emerge again in the twentieth century.

Even spatially the *History of Syria* takes us as far afield as the *History of the Arabs*, for the author does not confine himself strictly within a geographical area. His theme is rather Syria and the world. Thus the voyages of Phoenician sailors, the conquests of the Arabs and the missionary exploits of the Nestorians—if Professor Hitti will allow us to retain the familiar name—in China come equally into view. In this connection, one criticism: if the wars of the Arabs with the Franks north of the Pyrenees are given place, we might expect some account of the successful resistance offered about the same time to the Arabs by the Khazars beyond the Caucasus.

It was unavoidable that there should be overlapping with the *History of the Arabs*. Thus of the last twenty chapters of the book only four are completely new (cc. 39, 48-50). The remaining sixteen certainly contain material from the earlier book with few additions, but it has been

revised and re-written, and the continuous arrangement which in the opinion of at least one reviewer was a desideratum in the *History of the Arabs* has here been achieved.

In passing Professor Hitti tells us all sorts of curious and interesting things, e.g., that the cedars of Lebanon were used by the Turks in the 1914-18 war for railway-fuel, that the last native ostriches were killed in Transjordan in the twenties of this century, that the Iliad and Odyssey were translated into Arabic under the Abbasid Caliph Mahdi (775-85), that Barsbay, a famous Mameluke Sultan of Egypt, knew no Arabic, that the secular rivalry of North and South Arabians persisted among the Maronites and Druses as late as the eighteenth century. The present reviewer can confirm the conjecture that Mt. Silpius outside of Antioch is to be connected with John Chrysostom, who is there commemorated as Mar Yuhanna side by side with Habib an-Najjar. The violence of Shiah mourning for the martyred Husain, which Professor Hitti mentions as having continued until recent times, may still be observed.

What is one to say of the book as a whole? It is not free of minor blemishes. Evidently Abana is not synonymous with Pharpar; Servetus was a Spaniard from Aragon, not a Portuguese; Abu Haiyan at-Tauhidi was surely more than a grammarian; Ibn Khaldun was an older, not younger, contemporary of al-Maqrizi, whose teacher he was; the name of Michael Casiri has apparently been overlooked among famous Maronite scholars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. To these may be added a few misprints, one of them possibly misleading, Mumayr for Numayr. But as a panorama of the Syrian scene through the ages, giving the most important events and personalities in proper perspective, holding in view both action and thought and, within the field of historical evidence, taking account at once of archaeology and literature, the book calls for nothing but praise. Writing evidently *con amore*, Professor Hitti rarely allows love for Syria to influence his judgment. His loyalty is understandable. As he reminds us, in a wider sense than Greece, Syria is the country to which civilised humanity has long looked for inspiration, and it is from Syria that the momentous gifts of the alphabet, monotheism and knowledge of the Atlantic have reached mankind.

### The Observer's Book of British Architecture. By John Penoyre and Michael Ryan. Warne. 5s.

It must have been a difficult task to bring the whole conspectus of British architecture within the small concise format of the Observer's series; far more difficult than British butterflies or birds. It has been achieved by a technique of simplified line drawing which forms a visual index of the typical details of all the architectural periods. This has been very skilfully carried out, and it has been made more attractive by the use of an overprinting in a single colour for all the illustrations belonging to a particular style. (The only unsuccessful colour is the post-office red which would have looked better in a brick tint.)

The text is not quite of the same quality as the illustrations, particularly in its descriptions of the social conditions that affected building. This is probably because it is architects' history and not a historian's architecture that is described. And it has the merit that it brings architectural development up to date in a way that few historians could attempt. To the amateur this pocket book may seem inadequate, but to the intelligent observer, the man who wants to use his eyes to inform his mind, it is the most useful introduction to the subject which he could hope to find.



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

## TELEVISION DRAMA\*

### 'The Passing Show'

STRUNG PRECARIOUSLY on a festoon of musical comedy songs, stretching over fifty years, there were points at which the narrative part of 'The Passing Show' sagged ominously, threatening to bring the whole flimsy contraption to the floor. Always the inherent vitality of the production saved it: credit for that to the producer, Michael Mills. Vitality was indeed its saving grace; it had few others. Too many of the songs had no claim to remembrance even by those who first sang them. The warning had gone forth in a foreword to the series of five parts that copyright obstacles had been encountered, shutting us off from some of the most representative shows of the period. We were left with a residue of the second-rate.

Crippled though it was, 'The Passing Show' succeeded in being fairly vigorous entertainment. The thing lumbered through its years, creaking and staggering and swaying, like a covered wagon—or stage coach—with one wheel off. It was kept moving only by the implacable use of the producer's whip. What is more, it succeeded in creating an impression that time was passing as we watched, though how it was done one doubts if even he could say. Putting on and taking off the uniforms of two great wars hardly did the trick. Showing through the tawdriness was a sincerity of sentiment enticing us into willing co-operation with the deceit being practised before us. We were made to want the show to succeed and that not merely because the producer had to do so much with so little.

The larger explanation prob-

ably is that it roused hopes for the future, that some day television will present 'The Passing Years' with the lushness it demands. One can dream, a little, of its bringing back many remembered delights—the dancing of Mimi Crawford in 'The Dubarry', the fun and games of Hermione Baddeley in the Cochran revue of when-was-it, the French maid of Jessie Matthews in something else elusively remote but still green in the mind. The weakness of 'The Passing Show' was that it necessarily depended on counterfeit. When it can command some 'names' we shall have some memorable television.

It will be fair to mention the



Gabriel Woolf as Cuthman and Mary Jerrold as Cuthman's mother, in 'The Boy with a Cart', by Christopher Fry



'The Silent Village' with (left to right) Peter Bull as Tommy; Glyn Lawson as Jed; Hugh Williams as Van Kane; Joyce Redman as Linda; Andrew Cruickshank as Nigel; Jack Watling as David (seated); Becket Bould as Robert; Audrey Hepburn as Celia; and Anthony Ireland as John

Left: 'Albert' with (left to right) Warren Stanhope as Texas; Gerald Metcalfe as Fred; Bill Travers as Jim; Michael Gough as Geoffrey (seated); Harold Ayer as Hank; Douglas Hurn as Schoolie; and 'Albert', seated in the foreground



individual performances which did most to help the producer sustain his imperative illusion through the five programmes. Anthony Oliver's Dai Lewis, a Welsh Ramsay MacDonald, was chief among them. He put on an impressive amount of weight mentally, dispensing thereby with the cushion-under-the-waistcoat device of indicating age. His was a characterisation that did much to give validity to the sometimes wavering story. The business of making Vicky Schofield develop like a bud in spring was successfully entrusted to Suzanne Gibbs, who was able to hand on well-laid foundations of poise and maturity to Nicolette Roeg as Vicky grown older. In this process of relay acting Michael Croudson and Michael Evans equally satisfactorily accounted for the career of Gerald Wedgewood-Smith. The team spirit

was always evident and seemed to be keen enough. In some of the numbers the time spirit was lost, probably because the singers had never heard the songs in their original context. The result now and again was embarrassment for those of us who had.

Presenting 'The Boy with a Cart'—it should have been a wheelbarrow—was a courageous act of Television Drama. The amount of appreciation awaiting it may not have been great, but a genuine lyrical inspiration such as Christopher Fry's has a right to be heard and his slight but moving poetic drama of bucolic sainthood was, with small exceptions, about as well done as it could be in this medium. The camera did not make enough use of its advantage in portraying the natural scene. Some shots of the Downland skyline would have heightened the drama and lent substance to the poetry. And the producer, Stanley Haynes, who seems to have ideas about excellence, might have been a little more strict over the accents of his cast. A vested interest of birthright does not necessarily compel one to demand fidelity to local truth in such a matter,

but the ear objects to town and country vowels blending into a hybrid dialect that was never heard in Steyning or anywhere else outside a 'rep' company's rehearsal room. Passionate Sussex patriots, most of whom are such by adoption, and affected, like Belloc, in their devotion, might say that Gabriel Woolf was not sinewy enough for St. Cuthman, who after pushing his mother in the wheelbarrow through several counties came to rest at Steyning, where by inner compulsion he built a wooden church with his own hands. Presumably Fry saw him in sensitive contrast to the cruder spirits of the countryside and not as the Moody and Sankey revivalist type some seemed to expect. 'The Boy with a Cart' was worth seeing even though the rewards are greater for those with ears to hear.

'Albert', the prison camp play by Edward Sammis and Guy Morgan, quickly beat down

\* Mr. Harold Hobson is away and Mr. Pound writes this week on the past fortnight's plays



one's resistance to war drama. It had a story to tell and told it with unusual assurance. The best acting came from Michael Gough as Albert's creator, Felix Kent as the Kommandant; Martin Miller as the camp corporal, and Maurice Colbourne as the S.N.O. The production was by Stephen Harrison.

Written specially for television, 'The Silent Village' was filled with glossy-magazine characters in ski-ing clothes speaking clipped staccato dialogue that might have been written on telegraph forms in a post office. Theoretically they were doomed to perish in an avalanche, which unfortunately left us cold too.

REGINALD POUND

## BROADCAST DRAMA

### Portrait Gallery

FEW PEOPLE in the Drama have so big a 'build-up' as Molière's Tartuffe. During the forty minutes before he arrives in person, everyone is talking of him. He has to appear (allowing for Lytton Strachey's exaggeration) with something of the 'horrible greatness that Milton's Satan might have had if he had come to live with a bourgeois family in seventeenth-century France'. Unless, then, the actor strikes twelve on his first entry, he is bound to disappoint. There, in the broadcast of Miles Malleeson's free adaptation (Home); Donald Wolfitt did not fail. The voice ('Take these . . . my hair-shirt, my scourge!') was magnificently, oozingly unctuous: melted butter dripped from the radio set. True, as the evening waned, I began to wish for some variation in tone and method. Although Wolfitt had quickly established the monstrous, pulpy slug, I began to tire of that sanctimonious sob in the voice. Tartuffe, conceived in richness, tended to fade: he did not work on the imagination as Malleeson's own Orgon did.

Orgon is admittedly an ass to let Tartuffe impose himself. An actor I saw recently in the theatre never persuaded me that the character was other than a bumbling moron. Miles Malleeson managed to humanise the fellow. His Orgon, kindly, credulous dupe in a great huff-and-puff, had assured himself so strongly of the rightness of his cause that he impressed us also: we could even accept the line (rendered by Sagittarius), 'He'll never leave my house—when it's his own'. It was a complete picture; for me, in future, Orgon must speak with the admiring, rapt conviction of Malleeson as he told Cléante: 'By the very fervour of his praying, in some strange way, he would draw the attention of the whole congregation upon himself'. May Agate, storming off in the first difficult minutes, warmed the hearer at once; Frances Rowe (Elmire) and Jessie Evans (useful maid) helped a steady performance—produced by Wilfrid Grantham—that might have glowed more than it did at the end when Tartuffe is joyfully scotched in Sagittarian couplets.

The night was Malleeson's. Again, as in 'The Miser', he has freed a Molière comedy from the clench of translator's jargon and offered a version, spirited and free, that does no harm to the original but saves the speakers from lockjaw. Take one phrase which in a standard eighteenth-century text is rendered sibilantly: 'I was under apprehensions lest this secret flame might be a dexterous surprise of the foul fiend'. Malleeson prefers the simple: 'I thought this might be a subtle temptation of the Devil'.

It has been a portrait-gallery week. One or two full-lengths have dominated it. Beside the Hypocrite and the Dupe is the Reformer. In 'Perfectly Alone' (Home Service), Gladys Young spoke with what we can suppose were the very tones of Florence Nightingale: as firm and clear as her resolution. The feature, ending

in 1861, was not a straight dramatisation, but a portrait in mosaic of Florence, her works and days. It made its effect, though there were some dull, unprofitable tracts. Earlier (also Home), I found that the first instalment of 'The Good Companions'—those dear people have begun, alas, to yellow at the edges—was governed for me by Morton Mitcham, the trouper who has given 'Hamlet' in Ontario, 'East Lynne' in the West Indies, and card-tricks in Bangkok. Fred Fairclough's voice was fur-collared; moths fluttered from it. The man loomed in majesty. Not all of his companions had the touch. Still, the serial may develop, and so too may 'Under the Red Robe' (Light) which I reached late, in the middle of a cloak-and-blade tumult. There was no time for anyone to dominate; I gathered from the small-talk, 'How now, traitor!' 'Come on, you white-livered knave!' that Weyman in seventeenth-century France had taken the right road. Last, the extracts from 'Caesar and Cleopatra' and 'Antony and Cleopatra' (Light). I tuned in quietly—above an animated hotel terrace—to reinforce memories of the St. James's season. Glancing down after Cleopatra's 'O wither'd is the garland of the war', I saw that everyone within range had become a hushed listener. Here was domination indeed.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Pen Portraits

'PENS, GOOD LORD, who knows if you drive them or they drive you?' So said Mr. Sludge, the medium, in the poem to which he has given his name, and we, as we read or listen to this astonishing explosion of somewhere about fourteen hundred lines of alternate wheedling and snarling, ask the same question about Robert Browning, for we have the suspicion that once the poet has got hold of the pen or, more properly perhaps, once the pen has got hold of the poet, the extraordinary stuff will continue to pour out until the pen splits or the hand loses its grip. It is an endurance test. And so it is for the reader, for there is no story, no plot, to carry him along, no problem posed and solved. In fact this is a dramatic poem with no drama: the excitement lies in Sludge's changes of mood from cringing to threatening and his immensely functional garrulousness. You may even complain that it isn't poetry and quote lines and passages to prove it until you begin to notice that it is the noisy, hurrying blank verse that gives dramatic pungency to the whole thing and holds you, as inescapably as Coleridge's Mariner, with its skinny hand.

But if 'Mr. Sludge' is an endurance test for the silent reader or the listener, how much the more is it for the broadcaster! The mere length of time it takes to read, about an hour and a half divided by a thirty minute interval, demands no great effort from a practised reader; indeed, in this respect I have no doubt that the listener's job of listening and following is the harder of the two. The test for the broadcaster lies in realising in speech what Browning has realised in print, in presenting to the absent listener by accent, mood and constantly varying intonation and speed, the true Sludge. And that is not the end of it. Although there is no story and no particular shape to the poem, the broadcaster must somehow impose upon it an audible shape, a carefully judged variety, if the listener is not to be tired out long before the end.

James McKechnie did all this in masterly fashion. His Sludge, a nimble, more intelligent Uriah Heep, was craven, cringing, comical, pitiable, sometimes formidable and always unfailingly convincing. It is many years since I last read the poem and my memory is such that I

was taken by surprise when Sludge launched out in pure American which, by Mr. McKechnie's skill in using it, contributed a large by-product of enjoyment to his performance. In short, although listening was, by its very nature and the nature of the poem, a toughish job, the effort was richly rewarding.

Last week's story in the 'Tellers of Tales' series on the Light Programme was an excellent tale called 'The Master', written and very well read by Nigel Balchin. This, the *Radio Times* told us, was 'a study of a quarrel between a man and a dog'. True, so it was; but its most important quality was that, like 'Mr. Sludge', it was an acute character study of a man. On the other hand, the quality which Dylan Thomas shared with Browning when letting fly on 'The Festival Exhibition' was garrulousness. But Browning's garrulousness, as I have said, is strictly functional: Mr. Thomas, like Swinburne's, is audible decoration. He arranges his torrent of words so as to produce musical and often amusing noise. Some of the noise he made about the Exhibition was highly amusing and some of it expressive, but I was occasionally chilled by the feeling that he was too continuously determined to delight or amuse me. His fine careless raptures were too noticeably careful; the pentecostal outbursts were the least little bit too obviously superinduced.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### Three English Symphonies

IN THE OLD DAYS it would have been a rare thing for three English symphonies to occupy the place of honour on successive evenings at the Proms. Indeed, I should not be surprised if last week's event were without precedent even in recent years. And, though it must be said that Promenaders are always generous of applause and not conspicuously discriminating in their judgments, their reception of these three symphonies by Walton, Vaughan Williams and Elgar was of a warmth usually reserved for favourite classics. Perhaps we may say that these composers have entered those august ranks.

The three works happened to represent a generation of English music-making. Elgar's Symphony in A flat belongs to the spacious time before two wars shook our civilisation to its foundations; Walton's to the fevered breathing-space between them; and Vaughan Williams' Fifth to the worst period of the second war, though it only reached performance after the worst was over. Yet, none are merely topical; that is why they survive. In Elgar there is no complacency in the triumphant finale, because the triumph is one of character over circumstance. The opulence of the score may reflect the wealth of Edwardian society, but the conflict worked out in the course of its four movements is not the less real for being richly garbed. A king's tragedy may be as moving as a coal-heaver's, and is likely to be more interesting.

Walton's symphony has not the elaborate structure of Elgar's which, whatever may be said about mosaics and the bedding-out of pre-conceived ideas, seemed to me the other night a wonderfully controlled organisation of themes in which the chorale-like melody of the introduction is always immanent. Walton's is held together by a unity of mood, not of theme. For the recurrent 'Scotch snap' is an idiosyncrasy of the composer's musical thought, which occurs also in 'Belshazzar's Feast', and can hardly be regarded as a *leitmotiv*. The remarkable feature here is the composer's power of maintaining the emotional tension of the music throughout at so tight a strain without either relaxing or breaking it. Even the slow movement, though



it brings contrast, still does not bring repose.

Vaughan Williams' Fifth Symphony is the least topical of the three, unless it be regarded as the calm expression of that faith even in extreme adversity which was the salvation of England ten years ago. But there is also something more personal in this symphony, linked as it is to the long-pondered opera on Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The serenity of the slow movement we now know to be connected thematically with the scene where Pilgrim lays down his heavy burden. The whole work has a quality, rare in music, which one can only describe as wisdom.

Of the three works, Vaughan Williams' was given the best performance. Trevor Harvey was particularly successful in building up the climax of the first movement and in his sensitive handling of the slow movement. The finale was less well judged. Sir William Walton always gives a good account of his own work, but on this occasion seemed once or twice to lose control of details. Elgar's work is the most difficult to interpret, for it demands continual elasticity of phrasing, which can only come through an intimate response to the composer's mood. But although John Hollingsworth's handling of it was too rigid, so that the music often sounded

pedestrian, the fine proportions of the work were carefully observed.

Nino Rota's little comedy for broadcasting had an excellent idea of the kind that so often makes an enchanting French or Italian film, and it was deftly handled from the point of view of radio-opera. The voice-types were distinctive enough and so were the themes attached to the characters. But the music itself was too undistinguished to lift the little piece on to the plane of fine art, and it is not surprising that it should have been rated below Pizzetti's *Ifigenia* in the competition for the Italia Prize.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## The World of Frank Martin

By EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

The first performances in England of Martin's 'In Terra Pax' will be broadcast at 10.10 p.m. on Friday, August 31, and 9.50 p.m. on Monday, September 3 (both Third)

FRANK MARTIN is a Swiss composer of just over sixty who in the last ten years has made an original and important contribution to music. What this originality consists of can only be hinted at in words, yet it is undeniable that the big choral works of Martin, heard in England during the last few years—'Le Vin Herbé', 'Golgotha', and the settings of Rilke, not to mention the wholly captivating and alive 'Petite Symphonie Concertante' for piano, harp, harpsichord and orchestra—do display an individual style, a new musical personality, a new vision of music. The main demand we make of a composer is 'Does he create a world?' The world of Martin, severe and remote, plain and sincere, yet so continuously inspired and lofty, will, I imagine, eventually have a period value. The period is 1950. Here in these wholly satisfying works are many elements of the masters of our century, Debussy and Stravinsky and Schönberg, but absorbed into a civilised and, as it were, neutral mind, or rarefied into a sort of musical pure thought.

An illuminating remark was made by a French conductor to whom I had expressed my admiration for 'Le Vin Herbé', the oratorio of Martin set to Joseph Bédier's reconstructed text of the original Tristan legend. He agreed that it was very beautiful and suave and pale. 'But', he added somewhat condescendingly, 'it is nevertheless very Swiss'. It is true that the Swiss, who have given asylum to so many remarkable musicians from Paderewski to Stravinsky and Furtwängler, and whose musical life has been directed by such forward-looking minds as Ernest Ansermet, Paul Sacher and Hermann Scherchen, have long been hemmed in, in the creative sphere, by an unadventurous conservatism. Alone Honegger, among Swiss composers of the older generation, was able to strike out on a path of his own, deriving from both the French and the German ideals inspiration for his own robust visions of what music might become. But Honegger has spent most of his life in Paris and is only a Swiss composer in name. Martin, on the other hand, is considered to be a typical product of his birth-place, Geneva—typical, that is to say, of the most vital traditions of this civilised town of French Switzerland, which, it is pertinent to remember, was the home of Rousseau and is still a stronghold of Calvinism.

Such philosophical and religious allusions are not so far-fetched as they may seem in attempting to assess the work of Martin. His art has been strangely slow in evolving. It was not, in fact, until the age of fifty that he was able to free himself from the strict provincialism of his native environment. But this emancipation having at last been achieved, Martin's contribution is perhaps the first significant and purely Swiss

expression in music to take its place in the contemporary European scene. And I think it may fairly be claimed that works such as 'Le Vin Herbé', 'In Terra Pax' and 'Golgotha', far from being merely Swiss in a narrow or parochial sense, represent the triumph in music of an austere Calvinistic spirit so deeply rooted in French Switzerland and respected abroad as an individual and civilised product.

On the more practical plane, Martin has acquired impetus chiefly from the late works of Debussy, from Stravinsky, from Schönberg and from the discerning mind of his friend Ernest Ansermet. As a pianist and harpsichordist in a chamber-music group, he has been particularly attracted to the sonatas of Debussy, which revive the eighteenth-century conception of the form. Debussy's temporary solution of the problem of infusing the pre-Mozartian sonata with a freer sense of harmony encouraged Martin to experiment with this same problem on a larger scale, the ultimate result of which was the Concerto for piano, harpsichord and harp and also the series of four Ballads for various instruments (saxophone, flute, piano and trombone) and orchestra. At the same time Martin, like so many composers in the early 'twenties, appears to have been in quest of an abstract conception of rhythm, a pursuit probably inspired by his work as teacher of improvisation and rhythmic theory at the Jaques-Dalcroze Institute in Geneva, and also by his interest in the Stravinsky of 'Le Sacre' and 'Les Noces'. Later, from the twelve-tone technique of Schönberg one may see him acquiring discipline in the use of his lyrical gifts—he admires the reason of the Schönbergian system, though he refuses to submit to it uncritically; while under the influence of Ansermet he is constantly encouraged to admit the impact of original musical thought.

The impact of such contemporary influences, however, would have meant nothing had there not been a patient and austere mind, capable of absorbing, forgetting and eventually of transforming all that he had been able to assimilate. In a remarkable essay on the processes of musical creation, published in the French magazine, *Polyphonie*, Martin explains in careful detail the importance of long meditation, both on his earlier works and on the music he has not yet written. He also stresses the necessity of a spirit of humble innocence before the success or failure of his work. One is reminded of André Gide, another Protestant artist of Latin civilisation, when Martin leads us into the recesses of his mind, describing 'the art of provoking discoveries, the art of catching an idea at the right moment, the art of waiting and knowing how to suffer during the empty periods when the mind is lazy'. And with compelling logic he declares

that 'although the artist is responsible for what he looks for, he is only slightly responsible for what he finds'. Such innocence, he believes, 'gives the composer freedom, the right to meditate on his works and to communicate to others the fruits of these meditations'.

This beautifully grave and devout approach to the obscure and often unyielding material of music is seen in a living form in the oratorio 'In Terra Pax', based on passages from the French version of the Book of Revelation, Isaiah, the Psalms and the Gospels. For the broadcasts next week an English version made by J. H. Davies will be used, relying as far as possible on corresponding passages in the Authorised Version. As in the later oratorio 'Golgotha', Martin is moved in this work by the moral and religious values of sin and retribution, of justice and of faith. There is a singular beauty in the purity of the recitatives and the great ensembles are often built up with imposing nobility and austerity. Martin is not concerned to make any concessions to effect in this other-worldly work. It is an act of faith, conceived in isolation and in humble devotion. With such a work, as, in other ages, with Beethoven's 'Missa Solemnis' or Debussy's 'Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien', the years in the wilderness are over and the travail of experiment is forgotten. As the vast work is over and its message floats to the top of the mind, one inevitably feels that maturity in a composer of music must mean the reaching out to, and identification with, the universal symbols of Christianity.

### Constant Lambert: 1905-1951

AS WE GO TO PRESS we learn with regret of the death of Mr. Constant Lambert, the composer and former Musical Director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Constant Lambert began to compose at school before he was ten. At the age of twenty he was the first British composer to be commissioned by Diaghilev to compose a work for the Russian Ballet. This was 'Romeo and Juliet', and it was first performed in Monte Carlo. Lambert became Musical Director at Sadler's Wells in 1932 and during the fifteen years he spent there British ballet won its present international reputation. In recent years he had conducted many performances of opera and ballet at Covent Garden, as well as Promenade Concerts at the Albert Hall. One of the best known of his compositions was a setting of Sacheverell Sitwell's poem 'The Rio Grande', in which the composer made effective use of popular jazz rhythms. He wrote many articles on music for the press and was the author of *Music Ho! A Study of Music in Decline*.



## Progress in Electronics

There is hardly a branch of human activity in which electronics does not play a part today. And research is constantly opening up new fields of application.

In the Mullard laboratories, the endless quest for greater knowledge is directed towards a variety of objectives. One of them is the development of new and more efficient materials. It is not, for instance, an elaborate plaything that you see in the photograph below right. It is a model — hundreds of millions of times actual size — of the crystal structure of a fluorescent substance. This and similar models have helped to reveal new facts of profound importance to the progress of electronics.

Bringing the benefit of its research to industry and the community is the other function of the Mullard organisation. Every year, in great factories in Lancashire and Surrey, millions of valves and electron tubes are produced for Britain's electronics industry.

In other plants are manufactured complete electronic equipments for specialised purposes.

Behind the name Mullard is a store of experience in electronics that may well prove of immense importance to your own organisation.

Magnetic materials are essential to electronics. Here is an important stage in the casting of 'Ticonal' permanent magnets, the most efficient in the world.



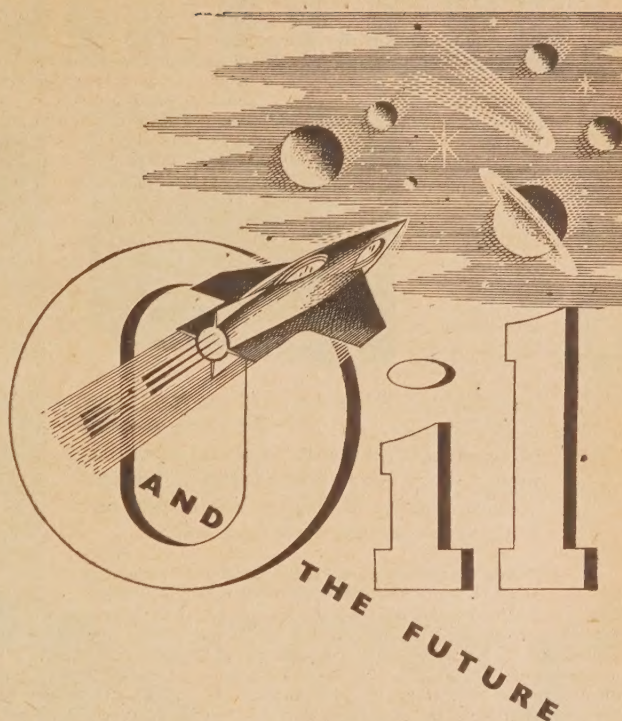
# Mullard

ELECTRONIC VALVES AND TUBES • TELECOMMUNICATION EQUIPMENT  
MEASURING AND CONTROL INSTRUMENTS • MAGNETIC MATERIALS  
INDUSTRIAL ULTRASONICS • X-RAY TUBES

Mullard Ltd., Century House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.  
Main Research Laboratories at Salfords (Surrey).

Factories at  
Blackburn • Fleetwood • Gillingham • Hove • Mitcham • Wandsworth • Whyteleafe

(MP360D)



Oil that is in a laboratory test tube today will fly the jet aircraft of tomorrow. Work in progress at Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's research stations includes the preparation of new aviation fuels and lubricants. New processes and plant are being designed to improve the output of Anglo-Iranian's many refineries. Looking even further ahead, Anglo-Iranian is prospecting for new oil-bearing strata beneath the surface of four continents.

## Anglo-Iranian Oil

COMPANY, LIMITED



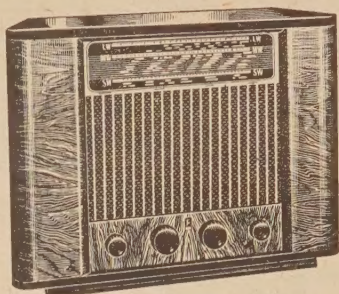
THE BP SHIELD IS THE SYMBOL OF  
THE WORLD-WIDE ORGANISATION OF  
ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY, LTD.



# FERRANTI



*Ferranti Model 215.  
3-waveband,  
5 valve superhet.  
A.C. receiver in  
walnut cabinet.  
Smooth flywheel  
tuning. Built-in  
aerials.  
Price £27.10.0.*



Each Ferranti brings home to you a standard of performance, a clarity of tone, a neatness of design that sixty years' electrical experience impart. But more: these qualities will delight your ear and eye for years to come. And that is a promise only experience can make.

See the complete range of Ferranti Radio and Television at STAND 74, RADIO SHOW, EARLS COURT, AUGUST 29—SEPTEMBER 8.



FERRANTI LTD. MOSTON MANCHESTER 10; AND 36 KINGSWAY LONDON W.C.2

*A wheatsheaf at mealtimes?*



...but

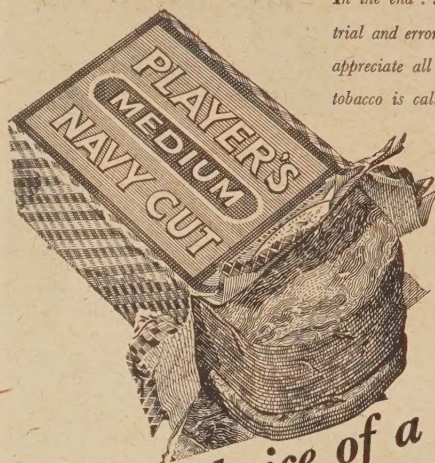
## Vita-Weat

is whole-wheat goodness  
in its handiest form!

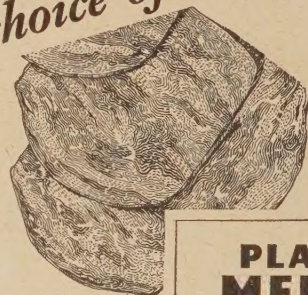


Delicious, crunchy Vita-Weat adds a new zest to every meal. The compressed essence of the whole sun-ripened wheat grain is in every slice. See how the children enjoy it—a healthy snack, ready in a moment.

PEEK FREAN'S Famous Crispbread



*The choice of a lifetime*



**PLAYER'S  
MEDIUM  
NAVY CUT TOBACCO**

[NCT 72]

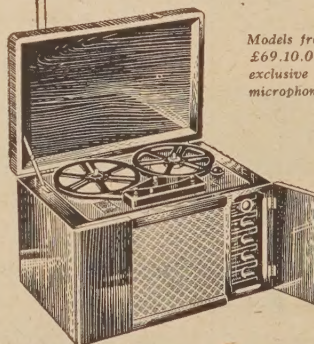


It is a fascinating pastime making your own personal recordings—and so simple that every one can do it. The amazing Soundmirror Magnetic Tape Recorder will record with perfect fidelity, music from a song to a full orchestra score, speech and the fun and frolic of family parties, as well as important and family events such as weddings. Think of the pleasure these recorded items can give you when you play them back to entertain the family and your friends.

Call on your local radio dealer and hear your own voice recorded or write for Brochure, which gives full details, to the manufacturers.

Models from  
£69.10.0  
exclusive of  
microphone.

Manufactured under agreement with the Brush Development Co. of the U.S.A. Licensed under the Brush Development Co., the Brush Crystal Co., Magnetone Inc., and Thermionic Products Ltd., Patent No. 454995 and others; and patents pending in all the principal countries of the world.



Note available in England—the book "Magnetic Recording" by Dr. S. J. Begun. A comprehensive treatise. Price 25/-, post 9d. extra.

**THERMIONIC PRODUCTS LTD.**

(Division SM/L) Hythe, Southampton. Phone: Hythe 3265

London Showrooms: Morris House, Jermyn Street, S.W.1.

(Whitehall 6422)

Sales and Service Centres: Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Newcastle, Glasgow, etc.



# Recipes for the Housewife

## SUMMER SALADS

THESE SALAD SUGGESTIONS are not recipes so much as ideas for mixtures you may not have tried before. The first is a very simple quick carrot and apple salad. For four people, mix 6 grated carrots with 2 grated apples. Moisten the mixture with mayonnaise and serve with a surround of lettuce.

For potato salad with grated egg yolk, slice 1 lb. of cooked potatoes and 3 hard-boiled eggs. Grate over them a small white onion and a diced stalk of celery. Season, cover with mayonnaise, sprinkle with grated yolk of egg and decorate with paprika. This, too, should be served with lettuce.

Now for something a little more luxurious: a Roquefort salad. Shred the heart of a cabbage and place it in the centre of the lettuce leaves. Dress with oil and vinegar dressing and sprinkle with crumbled Roquefort cheese. Garnish—if possible with stuffed olives and strips of pimento or anchovies. Radishes may be used instead of olives, and any nice crumbly cheese substituted for the Roquefort.

Here is a sweet and savoury mixture I can recommend: cucumber and pineapple mould. Grate a large cucumber, season, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  a grated pineapple. Dissolve a lemon jelly and when it is setting mix in the grated cucumber and pineapple. When set, turn out on to lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise. Decorate with paprika.

My last suggestion is entirely savoury, and its basis is the purple-skinned egg plant, or aubergines as they are called in France. Boil one large egg plant until it is tender. Peel and mash. Add 2 tablespoons of finely chopped onion. Season. Add 1 beaten egg, 2 tablespoons of melted margarine, and 3 cups of toasted bread-crumbs. If necessary add water to make a soft consistency. Bake in a slightly less than moderate

oven. Serve with a green salad and decorate with small pats of cream cheese rolled in chopped nuts.

ANNE BEATON

## TWO EGGS IN FOUR LANGUAGES

### III—Norway

An egg is very useful if you have left-overs. Sometimes I have milk pudding left over—I mix it with egg, a little melted margarine and cornflour, and fry it in very small fritters. They are very good served with sugar, lemon or jam. And the same thing with savoury left-overs, vegetables, rice and so on.

My choice for an egg dish is Rhubarb Meringue. You need some pastry, and then the other ingredients are:

2 eggs  
1 lb. of rhubarb  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  a lemon  
 $3\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of sugar  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of icing sugar  
pinch of salt  
vanilla essence

First I make the pastry case and when this is ready, I cook the rhubarb and sugar gently in a very little water—just enough to moisten the bottom of the saucepan. I leave it to cool quite a lot; then I add the lemon juice and yolks of egg. I whip this mixture, then I pour it into the pastry and cook it in a modern oven until it is nearly set.

While that is cooking I prepare the meringue from the egg-white. I take 2 whites of egg,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of icing sugar, a pinch of salt and a few drops of vanilla essence. I whip the egg-white and the salt till it is very stiff. I spread 2 dessertspoons of the icing sugar on top and whip that well into the white and I repeat this till I have

used every bit of sugar, and then I add the vanilla drops.

Then I put the meringue on top of the rhubarb and cook in a slow oven until the whole is a nice brown.

MOLLE NAESS\*

[‘Two Eggs’ as dealt with in France will appear in a later number of THE LISTENER]

## Some of Our Contributors

FRANCIS NOEL-BAKER (page 283): M.P. (Labour) for Brentford and Chiswick, 1945-1950; journalist and author of *Greece—the Whole Story*, *Spanish Summary*, etc.

LORD KINROSS (page 285): First Secretary and Director of Publicity Section, British Embassy, Cairo, 1944-1947; author of *Grand Tour*, *Lords of the Equator*, *Ruthless Innocent*, etc.

MAX BELOFF (page 287): Reader in the Comparative Study of Institutions at Oxford; author of *The Foreign Policy of Soviet Russia*, etc.

R. N. ARMFELT (page 289): Professor of Education at Leeds University

HENRY GREEN (page 293): managing director of a Birmingham engineering firm; author of *Caught*, *Loving*, *Concluding*, *Nothing*, etc.

A. D. B. SYLVESTER (page 295): art critic; contributor to the *Burlington Magazine*, etc.; organiser of the recent Henry Moore exhibition at the Tate Gallery.

WALTER GROPIUS (page 297): Professor of Architecture at Harvard; author of *The New Architecture and the Bauhaus*, etc.

S. C. ROBERTS (page 303): Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University; Master of Pembroke College since 1948; author of *Doctor Watson*, *Doctor Johnson*, *The Charm of Cambridge*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,112.

## Mainly Musical.

## By Wray

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, August 30

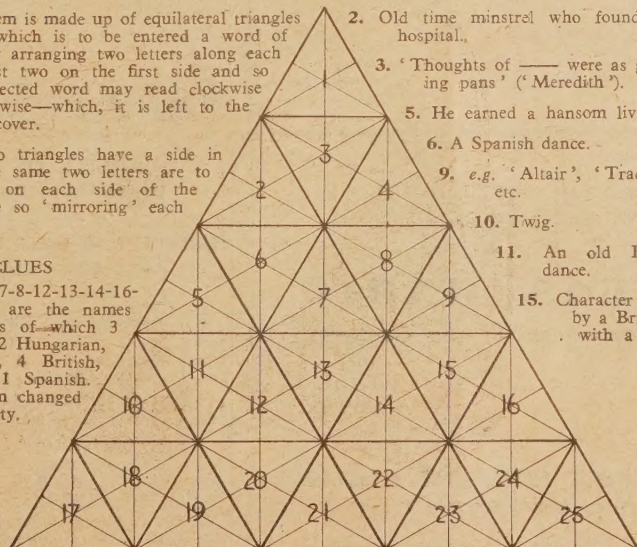
The problem is made up of equilateral triangles in each of which is to be entered a word of six letters by arranging two letters along each side (the first two on the first side and so on). The selected word may read clockwise or anti-clockwise—which, it is left to the solver to discover.

Where two triangles have a side in common, the same two letters are to be entered on each side of the common line so ‘mirroring’ each other.

### CLUES

Clues 1-4-7-8-12-13-14-16-18-19-20-25 are the names of composers of which 3 are French, 2 Hungarian, 1 American, 4 British, 1 German, 1 Spanish. One of them changed his nationality.

2. Old time minstrel who founded a London hospital.
3. ‘Thoughts of — were as good as warming pans’ (‘Meredith’).
5. He earned a hansom living, no doubt.
6. A Spanish dance.
9. e.g. ‘Altair’, ‘Tracer’, ‘Tiber’, etc.
10. Twigg.
11. An old French round dance.
15. Character in a masque by a British composer with a windy name.



17. Nickname for a certain toccata and fugue.
21. A kind of religious mendicant.
22. Associated with songs by Palgrave.
23. ‘Wipers of — out with all men, especially pipers’.
24. This is in Italian.

## Solution of No. 1,110

K	E	D	J	E	R	E	G	H	E	M
V	I	F	D	A	I	M	P	A	L	O
A	K	A	R	R	O	O	E	N	W	O
S	O	W	E	L	F	R	I	J	O	L
S	N	E	E	R	C	R	A	W	E	R
Z	B	E	C	C	A	F	I	C	O	A
W	A	R	E	K	N	I	D	O	C	R
T	I	C	E	D	O	G	S	A	T	T
E	C	B	A	T	I	C	E	L	M	A
B	O	B	R	I	P	O	N	Y	R	B
A	B	U	T	S	A	M	S	H	O	O
C	O	C	A	I	N	E	I	S	O	L
K	A	K	I	Y	E	R	B	A	M	A

### Prizewinners:

J. D. Griffiths (Audenshaw); L. G. Henley (Bideford); A. Law (New Malden); Mrs. M. G. Strong (Radcliffe-on-Trent); Mrs. M. C. Wilson (Swansea).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



# LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE!

● One of today's problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance studying *at home* becomes a pleasurable occupation.

● London University Degrees are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations: you may study for these in your own time and wherever you are.

● **Wolsey Hall Postal Courses** for these examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. The Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model answers, corrections of your work and solution of all difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Fees may be spread over the period of the Course. More than 15,000 Successes at London University Examinations, 1925-50.

● Write for **PROSPECTUS** (saying if your preference is for Arts, Science, Economics, Law or Theology) to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. FE24,

**WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD**

## Ordinary Writing at Shorthand Speed

Dutton Speedwords, the new fast-writing system using ordinary letters instead of signs, can be used for rapid note-taking from the first hour of study. Much used as a practical time-saver by busy executives and professional people. Can be typed or written at 100-120 words per minute. Ordinary matter averages only two letters per word, and can be used for all languages. Warmly commended by G. Bernard Shaw and Prof. Hogben.

### or Shorthand by Sept. 23

Less than one hour a day of fascinating spare time study will give you mastery of all the rules of streamlined Dutton Shorthand by September 23, if you act promptly. There is then nothing new to learn and regular practice builds up speeds to 150-200 words a minute. Thousands have made good with Dutton—it's so easy to learn, easy to write, easy to read.

### FREE test lessons

Tear out this advt., send it with name and address and 2½d. stamp for interesting booklet and free lesson, stating clearly which interests you (enclose 5d. if both desired). Special Air Mail courses available for overseas students.

The Dutton School, Dept. L.N. 92, 92-93, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1

The  
world's most famous  
brand of Shirts and Collars



**Van Heusen**



Common Thrift

*"Practise  
thrift or else  
you'll drift"*

(Old Proverb)

The origin of the proverb is unknown, but today thrift can bring a PROFITABLE, SAFE return with a Society established in 1862. Thrift pays consistent returns when practised with the Fourth City. 24% income tax paid by the Society. No expenses. Immediate withdrawals. Assets exceed £3,800,000.

*Put not your trust in  
money—put your  
money in trust, with...*

**FOURTH  
CITY**

**BUILDING SOCIETY**  
34, LONDON WALL, E.C.2.

Telephone: Monarch 2525

*Write to the General Manager, J. McMillan, for an  
informative booklet.*

LISTEN TO PERFORMANCES BY THE GREATEST  
INTERNATIONAL ARTISTES AND ORCHESTRAS

## EUROPEAN RADIO

*The Weekly Programmes of the Continent*

FOR THE  
DISCRIMINATING  
LISTENER

PRICE 6d.  
EVERY FRIDAY  
ANYWHERE

*Specimen copy from:*

**EURAP PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED**

137 BLACKSTOCK ROAD, LONDON, N.4

## UNIVERSITY, Law, Engineering and other examinations

U.C.O., founded 1887, prepares students by postal tuition for LONDON UNIVERSITY Entrance, Intermediate and Final exams, for B.A., B.Sc., B.So.Econ., LL.B., and various Diplomas and Certificates; General Certificate of Education (Ordinary and Adv. Levels) Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others; Professional Prelim., etc. Highly qualified Tutors. Low fees; instalments.

Over 21,000 U.C.C. students PASSED London University examinations during the years 1930-50.

★ **PROSPECTUS** may be obtained from Registrar,  
**University  
Correspondence College**  
56h Burlington House, Cambridge

## Write for Profit

Learn how to write and sell articles and short stories in your spare time—wherever you live. Send today for a free copy of "How to Succeed as a Writer," the prospectus issued by the Regent Institute, whose pupils have sold work to over 1,500 journals. Subjects covered include:

- The New Writer's Chance.
- Short Story Openings.
- What Editors Want.
- The Recommended Courses.
- Earning While Learning.
- A Notable Record of Success.

Write to The Regent Institute (Dept. LJ/32B), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for a free copy—without obligation. Many people without previous experience have been enabled to earn substantial extra income as a result of sending for this booklet.

## SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examination; B. Com., B. Sc. Econ.; LL.B.; and other external London University Degrees. Civil Service Examinations, &c.

Also expert postal tuition for Prelim. Exams, and for the professional exams in Accountancy, Secretariatship, Law, Sales Management, &c. and many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in commercial subjects. **More than 50,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESSSES**

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Text-book lending library. Moderate fees; payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (DI/1).

**METROPOLITAN COLLEGE**  
ST. ALBANS

or call 30 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

## UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO Dunedin, New Zealand

### LECTURESHIP OR SENIOR LECTURESHIP IN MODERN LANGUAGES

An appointment will shortly be made in one or other of these positions (Lecturehip at £800 x 50 — £900; Senior Lecturehip at £1000 x 50 — £1200). Qualifications in French are the essential requirements.

Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, by whom applications will be received up to 15th October, 1951.